TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 22, No. 44. Saturday Night, Limited, Proprietors Offices: 26-28 Adelaide Street West TORONTO, CANADA, AUGUST 14, 1909. TERMS—Single Copies, 5c. Per Annum (in advance) $2. Whole No. 1132.

THE FRONT PAGE

DOES the fault of our illy-conducted street traffic lie so much with the police or with our devil-me-care citizens generally? I take it that the latter are more to blame than the former, and if we are to have thoroughfares where heavy traffic runs smoothly and unobstructed, then each individual driver of drays, delivery waggons, automobiles and carriages must receive special and imperative instruction. A delivery waggon driver bolting his horse across Yonge or King street without any regard to the rules of the road is an every hour occurence; and in consequence collisions are frequent. Then again, we have a lot of automobile drivers who apparently have no conceptions of what the rules of the road mean. They cut a corner with not the least idea of taking their own side of the street.

Indeed, it is very doubtful that they are even aware that they are infringing the rules. Under no circumstances is the outstretched arm, utilized by drivers in European and large American cities, serving to indicate a sudden change of direction, in vogue in Toronto. In other cities an outstretched arm to right or left, as the case may be, means that the vehicle will turn to the right or left, the driver in the rear thus receiving the necessary warning. This is one of the simple rules of the road that the motor car has made imperative. Then again, our pedestrians are often at fault, for in place of waiting to cross a crowded thoroughfare at street intersections where the police are or should be stationed, they dodge here and there as if on a country road.

Now and again we hear of the well nigh perfect manner in which London's traffic is managed by the "bobby." Very true. But the London public is a very different people from our own. Here all our lives long we have been accustomed to looking upon the police as a comparatively useless piece of official furniture, whereas the Londoner and his father before him have bowed down, metaphorically speaking, to the blue coated "bobby" whose slightest signal is the personification of the law. The Toronto police can help some, but they cannot do all, for we must, over here, first recognize that the other fellow has some rights. The posture of the end seat hog on the street cars well exemplifies the general attitude of the public. So long as we individually are comfortable or are getting across the street by the shortest possible route, why should we care for the other fellow's convenience, or the rules of the road, or the rules of common decency for that matter?

Imagine for a moment an impatient crowd of would-be passengers mildly awaiting another car at King and Yonge streets just because the passing "tram" displays a signal that the legal limit of passengers has been reached. Yet this is what thousands upon thousands of Londoners are doing every day, and they never for a moment dream of infringing the rule. London's police force can rule London, but I would risk a gold piece to a brass farthing that all the police in London cannot manage a Toronto crowd with equal facility without first filling up the hospitals and the jails.

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WE are accustomed to thinking that unions have to do exclusively with miners, bricklayers, engineers, printers and kindred trades, but it would appear that we have a union among lawyers, and that this union is more arbitrary in its methods than any other would dare be. The other day on the application of the Upper Canada Law Society, a St. Catharines barrister, J. A. Keyes by name, was struck off the roll of barristers, the offence being that the said Keyes owed the Law Society $17.50 dues. Quite recently in Montreal a lawyer was brought up short by his confreres for accepting a stated salary from a collecting agency in place of charging the regulation fees. In the latter instance the merchants employing the agency were having their collecting done at comparatively small cost, but as this interfered with the union scale of the lawyers, it was forthwith stopped by process of law. As the law makers of the land have for generations been mainly lawyers, they have looked to it well that no one may infringe their copyright.

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THE work of persecution by the Lord's Day Alliance goes merrily on. Men are fined for selling tea on the Sabbath, for selling ice cream, for selling "soft" drinks, for selling cigars, and now in a circular to the members of this brotherhood of bigots it is pointed out that numerous trains are run through the province on the first day of the week contrary to the Lord's Day Act.

Inspector Cuddy comes out with the statement that he intends to close up every place he finds selling soft drinks or ice cream on the Lords' Day. Bravo, Inspector, keep it up. Close up the whole dern town. The sooner the better, and then at last, I hope, the people will be made to realize that they are allowing a coterie of overzealous citizens who do not represent the real feelings of the community to take from them their liberties and their rights. I would go still further and pronounce against the operation of the Island ferries, for why in the name of common sense should a steamer operate between Toronto and the Island and not Toronto and Hamilton or Toronto and Niagara Falls. Surely I have as much right to go to Hamilton on a Sunday morning as I have to the Island. I would respectfully call the attention of the police to the fact that a lot of wicked people swim over at the Island on Sunday, and they rent bathing suits. If it is a crime to sell tea and ice cream on the Sabbath then the traffic in bathing suits must also be illegal. I would also call attention to the fact that all the hotels and large apartment houses operate elevators on the Sabbath. Why should these deck hands and engineers be discriminated against? People can walk up and down stairs at least one day in the week.

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LITERATURE as a profession has received some bad bumps of late. A number of leading English writers have been endeavoring to show that it is unremunerative, that a man may devote his life to it and in spite of industry and ability arrive at nothing better than a clerk's salary in the end. And now Harry Thaw is trying to show that it is also disreputable. He announces that if he makes good his escape from Matteawan he will devote his life to literature; and in preparation for that event his mother and sister have already spent over $25,000 in arranging a study for him in their Pittsburg home. And the sad part of the whole thing is that if the soulless and brainless young degenerate does get out of the asylum, and does write or have the writing done for him, he will find a number of publications willing to print his vaporings and also willing to pay well for them. In fact, they say that already his sister has secured for him contracts amounting to over $20,000 and entailing about a year's work. Surely the profession of literature has fallen upon evil days!

And in connection with Thaw's attempt to escape from the confinement, which is only a small part of the penalty his crime deserved, one of the most disgusting exhibitions of the trial has been the testimony of the so-called medical experts. Men who were heralded as great alienists got into the witness-box and with unabashed effrontery declared the sanity of the man whom they had previously stated to be hopelessly insane and irresponsible from birth. It is such shameless exhibitions as these that give grounds for the attacks on the medical profession so often heard. These self-constituted experts are a menace to the cause of justice and the profession they claim to follow. Everyone who has ever followed up closely the operations of the courts knows the great value and perfect reliability of the general medical practitioner as a witness. No better and more careful testimony could be desired than what is usually given by the local doctors in any case with which they are connected. But, also, nothing could be more worthless and dangerous and unscrupulous than evidence of the kind given by the alienists in the Thaw trial. And the sad part of it all is that it is impossible to prevent them getting away with it. The only way of reaching them would be by the force of public opinion branding them as perjurers and utter knaves; and unfortunately this is a great deal to ask of a public so largely devoted to money and the means of obtaining it. In the meantime it must be a great consolation to a prospective murderer to reflect that there is a number of great medical authorities in the United States ready to declare him sane or insane according to the requirements of his case and the extent of his financial resources.

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THE labor difficulties of Nova Scotia have become still more complicated by the calling out of the 1,200 employes of the Cumberland Railway and Coal Company. Just what the United Mine Workers will accomplish by adding this number of men to the list of non-producers, who must incidentally be fed if not clothed, to those already on strike against the Dominion Coal Company, is hard to conceive. As it happens, the Cumberland Railway and Coal Company is a close corporation, and largely owned by Sir George Drummond, of Montreal. On previous occasions when trouble arose with the men, it has been the policy of the company to close down its mines and calmly await the time when the men were ready to go back to work at the company's own figures. This is the policy which will be followed in the present instance. The secret of this indifference on the part of the company's officials seems to lie in the fact that there is little or no profit in the business under present circumstances, and therefore it is a case of work along at the company's terms or not at all.

The strike of the Dominion Coal Company's employes has now developed into a siege, and it remains a question of how long the United Mine Workers' organization can keep its men together, for there is apparently not a shade of probability of the company giving up the fight. Labor difficulties of this character are extremely unfortunate, but seemingly necessary once in so often. They come like the thunder shower, and clear the super-heated atmosphere of the labor world.

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IF a Torontonian should by chance take a "rubber neck" car through Delaware avenue, Buffalo; Euclid avenue, Cleveland; or Sherbrooke street, Montreal, and see by the roadside, lying about in all sorts of postures, dress and undress, dozens upon dozens of men, women and children, what would he think? Would this Torontonian be impressed with the thoroughfare or the city? I think not. He would unquestionably come back home and tell his friends that the city in question, Buffalo, Cleveland or Montreal, as it chanced, was filled with homeless, workless men, with dirty, unkempt children, with bedraggled women, all of whom occupied its grass plots, littering its streets with garbage, and made the district an eyesore if not a menace to the passerby.

We have a thoroughfare in Toronto, University avenue by name, which is the counterpart of what I describe. Here at any hour of the day can be found anywhere from two score to ten score men lounging about the grass, sleeping and lazing their time away. These men are not old nor cripples, but able-bodied hulks of humanity, too lazy most of them to even look for work. Day after day they gather on this avenue, and they lie stretched along all the way from College to Queen streets. A truly delectable sight for those who travel through the city in the "rubber necks," not to speak of the poor property owners who have not even the power to keep these wretches from lounging in front of their very doors.

One has a deal of sympathy for the babes and the mothers, who, driven out of their superheated, illy-ventilated rooms, seek the cool shelter of the avenue on these hot days. But what of the men whom I have described?

Appealed to by property owners on University avenue, the police officials state that being park property, they have no jurisdiction. If this is the case, then the sooner the laws regarding the use and misuse of park properties are amended the better. At the moment the city is paying a premium on laziness, on filth and on living, squalid and unclean. If the city by a process of law could duck this disreputable mass of humanity, men, women and children, into some good, clean soap and water once every twenty-four hours, it would either do them a world of good, or better yet, compel them to move to sections other than those they now occupy.

The beautifying of University avenue has cost a deal of money. Its grass plots, if allowed to mature instead of being trampled to death, would be among the finest in the city. The trees on this thoroughfare are something to feel proud of, while the roadway itself is probably the best maintained within the corporation limits. But all is utterly spoiled under present regulations. Indeed, it would have been better had the thoroughfare never existed, for then in any event we would not have had all this filth and squalor shoved under the noses of our citizens.

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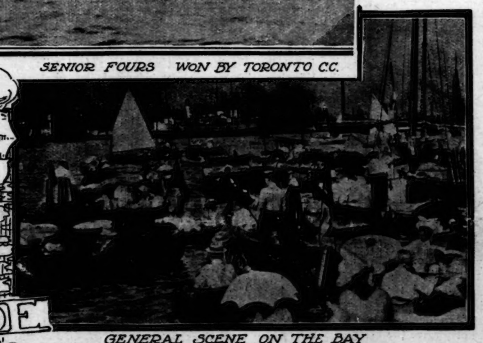
A COUPLE of South American republics are just now elbowing and jostling one another, like a pair of pugnacious youngsters working themselves up for a good whole-souled scrapping match. The big outside world throws a careless eye on them, and wonders when they are going to begin—perhaps even makes a rapid calculation as to which one is likely to "lick." But it refuses to take them seriously. Great pugilists cannot be expected to take more than a sentimental interest in a fight between a couple of ragamuffins. So the great nations have

SENIOR FOURS WON BY TORONTO C.C.

CANADIAN CANOE ASSOC'N REGATTA

SENIOR DOUBLES WON BY McNICHOL AND BLACKBURN T.C.C.



GENERAL SCENE ON THE BAY

THE WAR CANOES COMING OUT

NEW EDINBURGH WAR CANOE 1 M. WINNERS

their hands too full watching one another and keeping prepared, to spend much thought on the doings of Bolivia and Peru. Now and then, it is true, a few men do manage to get killed in these South American wars, but this is more in the nature of a regrettable incident than the result of deadly purpose. And yet these kid-republics of South America, with their governments of graft and buncum and high-flown clap-trap, control some of the richest territory in the world. These nations, which have never grown up and never will, possess natural resources whose wealth is beyond estimate. Foreign capital is flowing in to develope them, in spite of all the risks from dishonest and unsettled governments; and some day the United States or some of the other great powers will have to whip or frighten these little republics out of their boy-capers into a decent sense of their responsibilities. The news of the day would lose some amusing features, but it would be a step forward in the progress of the world.

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OUR Ottawa statisticians inform us that divorce in Canada is on the increase. Divorce is a luxury that only the wealthy and well-to-do can now afford in this country, but still there is every reason to suppose that in spite of its being an expensive process, and in face of the fact that a goodly proportion of our population is Roman Catholic and thus divorceless, the proportion of divorces applied for and granted each year will steadily increase. Last session the wise old owls of the Senate composing the Divorce Committee of the Upper House reviewed the luscious testimony in a great many cases, and put through in all some sixteen divorces. In the last five years the business before the divorce committee has increased very rapidly, and already several applications are advertised for the coming session of Parliament.

The worst feature of Canada's divorce laws is easily the fact that according to the present procedure only those who have a fair amount of ready cash can obtain the necessary freedom from matrimonial infelicity. In the first place, it is necessary to put up a deposit of $200. This, I presume, is to ensure the old grey beards of the Senate that you mean business. Then comes the cost of witnesses and the lawyers, who, by the way, receive more when appearing before a parliamentary body than would otherwise be the case. Taken all in all, you are not likely to get out under $600, and if your witnesses are far distant from the Senate Chamber, the cost will be still higher.

That divorces should be difficult to obtain in Canada, and that they should only be granted for most flagrant breaches of morality, practically all will agree, but at the same time the process should not of itself be an expensive one. Like our Sunday observance laws, the divorce regulations of Canada are largely class legislation, inasmuch as only those who are in funds can benefit by them. Some poor woman whose husband occupies his odd hours between beating her and visiting some blonde haired damsel in the neighboring street, is doomed to spend even her last hours with the brute, while on the other hand, had she a thousand dollars or so in hand, a most unlikely supposition, by the way, she can readily obtain the necessary relief.

The only commendable thing about the present procedure that I am aware of is its semi-secrecy, for the testimony is all taken behind closed doors, and while it is printed verbatim, only a sufficient number of copies are struck off to provide one each for the members of the two Houses.

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IF you want to hold your job don't put your feet on the desk. A school teacher named Gant was dismissed recently by the Paris (Ont.) Public School Board for this offence. It appears that the educational results derived from Mr. Gant's methods were satisfactory enough. This the trustees admitted, but they could not forgive the habits of the aforesaid Gant, who aired his pedal extremities on the desk. My! but we are getting particular, and how customs change. There was a time when only the elite hung their feet on the table, and what self-respecting citizen of the United States would dream of having his feet on the floor for five consecutive minutes.

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WHAT would the Spanish throne be without a pretender? We have been so long accustomed to viewing a Carlist movement from this safe distance that it has become part and parcel of that picturesque land. For two generations these revolutionists have clung to an abstract principle. What have the people to gain whether Carlos or Alfonso be king? Absolutely nothing so far as the common people are concerned. One can understand that the question may effect the aristocracy, and one can give logical arguments as to why the clerics should object to being deprived of some of their powers, as the Carlists would surely do had they the whip hand. But why should these questions stir the masses, and why should it have stirred them for two generations? One apparently must understand the Spanish character, impregnated with romance as it is, to appreciate the attitude.

When the late Don Carlos passed away some days ago, it was thought that at last the political atmosphere of Spain had cleared itself; that the revolutionary sky would be overcast no longer, and that Alfonso would sit secure. But not so. Don Jaime, son of the late Don Carlos, and a man said to be of sterner stuff than his father, will keep up the Carlist claim. In the army of his adopted country, Russia, Don Jaime has won more than a little distinction, and this of itself will not tend to make Alfonso of Spain sleep better o'nights. Our cold Anglo-Saxon methods of reasoning hardly admit as real this inherent sense of romance in the true Spaniard, for it is largely a chivalric love of the weaker side, a sporting desire to fight against the powers that be.

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THE gondolier is going. His comic-opera costume and picturesque craft will soon be but a legend on the ancient canals of Venice. Even now the motor-launch is putt-putting his knell. The guides of Paris, too, who have furnished many a traveller with amusing types of character and much information not found in encyclopaedias, are among the old institutions doomed by the spirit of progress. Their Nemesis has come in the shape of cultured policemen, who speak half a dozen languages and have the archaeological and other lore of the French capital at their finger-tips. And now they say that even the London cabby must go. His methods are too leisurely for even London, the most conservative of the world's great cities. He was all right for the days of Pickwick, but not for those of aeroplanes. And now he must take his old horse and his ungainly hansom and his dialect and all that is his to the quiet realm where no motor chugs, and where "penny-tubes" are not yet. He is part of the price one must pay for unceasing progress. There are a number of old-fashioned people, sentimental lovers of ancient and racy things, who will regret his going, as well

THE OPERATOR OF THE "SCARESHIP."
Dr. M. B. Boyd, who has informed the press that it was an airship of his own invention which hovered over England and made a trip to Ireland and back. The photograph shows him sitting in an aeroplane owned by Captain Wyndham, who stands alongside.

as that of the Paris guide and the Venetian gondolier; but the great world is in too much of a hurry to tarry for them, and they must be left behind with sedan-chairs, and town-criers, and Spanish galleons, and so many other beautiful and romantic things of the past. Thus "the great world spins for ever down the ringing grooves of change."

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"MIRACLE" workings at the shrine of Ste. Anne at Ste. Anne, Illinois, is now attracting as much attention in the United States as have for years the alleged miracles at our own shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupre, just below Quebec. Just what the sacred relic is at the Illinois shrine we are not informed, but whatever it is it has the required effect, for we are told of half blind children regaining their sight, running sores cured, dislocated hips apparently set right, and so on through nearly all the ills that man is heir to. As many as three thousand pilgrims, the lame, the halt and the blind, are said to have lined the streets of this little Illinois village at one time. That out of this large number there should be a proportion of cures and a larger proportion of people benefited is but reasonable to presume, for every day the medical profession, and particularly such leaders as Dr. William Osler, are taking more into account the fact that the mind is after all a powerful master of the body, and that a goodly half of our ills are there only because we have not willed them away.

Most any day during the summer months those who care to travel to Ste. Anne de Beaupre, P.Q., where it is said rests a small portion of the body of Ste. Anne, the mother of the Virgin, one can see people enter the church with crutches and leave them behind upon their departure. This evidence is before one. You can witness it for yourself. Whether, however, anything like a permanent cure is effected in cases of this character must be left for the investigation of the disinterested expert, to the physician.

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JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER has come out in condemnation of the proposed United States income tax, which I take to be an excellent recommendation for the same. If I wished to succeed in a great public movement in the United States my one desire would be to have this old money grubber come out in opposition to it. John D. makes the following naive comment regarding the proposed tax:

"When a man has accumulated a sum of money within the law, that is to say, in a legally honest way, the people no longer have any right to share in the earnings resulting from that accumulation. The man has respected the law in accumulating the money. Ex-post-facto laws should not apply to property rights. Man's right to undivided ownership of his property, in whatever form, cannot be denied him by any process short of confiscation."

The strange part of it is that John D. Rockefeller is perfectly satisfied in his own mind that he came by his money honestly. To him the men he has driven to suicide, the families that have been pauperized, the small corporations crushed and mangled, all in the building up of his hundred of millions, count for nothing. There is after all nothing like having an India rubber conscience.

Refined oil was recently advanced a cent a gallon by the Standard, and about the same time John D. Rockefeller celebrated his seventieth birthday by giving $10,000,000 for education. A coincidence, I presume.

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THE announcement that Kitchener, that Irish soldier, who first served with the French army against the Germans in 1870, had been appointed to succeed the Duke of Connaught as Inspector-General of the Mediterranean Forces, and that, moreover, he would hold the rank of Field Marshal and also take his seat as a member of the Committee of Imperial Defence, must of necessity have caused a flutter in certain circles in the old land; but at the same time the news was received with a great deal of satisfaction wherever the British flag flies.

It will be remembered that some little time ago it was announced that the Duke of Connaught had resigned his Mediterranean command on the ground of "the ineffective nature of the work and the useless expense to the nation involved therein."

Following the appointment of Lord Kitchener, the Duke of Connaught in an official announcement said: "In view of new developments in the organization, the Mediterranean command assumed increased importance, and will be taken up by Lord Kitchener, with the object of giving it its proper place in the scheme of Imperial defence."

As to just how we are to reconcile these two statements the despatches are silent, but those who run may read. I take it that the British people in their present warlike mood demand hard-headed soldiers of the Kitchener type; men who have risen to their present ranks not by accident of birth, but by hard, intelligent work.

Lord Kitchener is not yet sixty, and is said to be the youngest field marshal in the history of Great Britain. Later on, probably after the turn of the year, Field Marshal Lord Kitchener will visit Canada, and he will be accorded the welcome due the first soldier of his day.

THE COLONEL.

Sabbath Made for Man.

Editor Saturday Night:

Dear Sir,—I was extremely interested in the remarks on the Front Page in your issue of the 17th inst., which, to my mind, as an impartial observer of Canadian methods, are singularly apposite.

After two years, more or less, spent in Toronto and Ontario generally, it is absolutely refreshing to find oneself in the free and untrammelled West of B. C.

Here, in this delightful little spot, one can, as in England on a Sunday, fish, shoot or do what one likes, without laying oneself open to the censure of the self righteous Pecksniff-Chadband combination that makes Toronto, as you truly observe, the laughing-stock of the continent with her Sunday laws.

Lest those who have as yet not had the good fortune to "go West" should think that order is not observed here, it may be mentioned that although our saloons are wide open from two o'clock Monday (2 a.m.) till twelve o'clock Saturday, there is far less drunkenness than one can see any day in Toronto, whilst on Sunday, when the "lid" is tight on (and really so) there is none of that secret drinking that characterizes the down East towns.

The innocent "Billiken" appeared in our midst lately, and reminded me of his discomfiture in Toronto at the hands of the Inspector. People to whom I told the tale would hardly believe me, not crediting that there were such restrictions in a civilized city.

This is a new country. Why not be natural and avoid this hypocrisy, so sickening to all thinking minds, and for which there is no logical reason? Surely "the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath" just as much in Ontario as in British Columbia. Yours truly, "MOUTRIE."

Fernie, B.C., July 31, 1909.

Music Has Been Neglected.

To the Editor Saturday Night:

Dear Sir,—In a very short time the Toronto National Exhibition will be in full blast and I think the management have taken a wise step in making the usual burlesque spectacular display conspicuous by its absence. Lovers of the sensational can obtain it by visiting the "Midway." While live stock, agriculture, and the fine arts have appropriate buildings set apart for their use, music in this respect seems totally neglected. Our Queen City has a wide reputation for its choral societies and musical organizations, and while many new structures are being erected in the grounds, no adequate building is furnished for vocal or instrumental music. Such a building, say a small reproduction of the Albert Hall, London, England, furnished with an up-to-date organ, would be an attraction that would bring to Toronto many of the music lovers of Canada and the States; it would provide a theatre for all first-class visiting organizations and might be profitably used for large gatherings at all seasons of the year. Next year many new attractions are promised. Let us hope something will be done in this direction, which would do much to advertise our National Exhibition, of which we all are so justly proud.

I remain, dear sir, yours obediently,

HENRY A. ASHMEAD.

16 Belmont street, Toronto, August 10, 1909.

Bulldozing the People.

Editor Saturday Night:

Sir,—You might perhaps aid in resistance to the Rev. T. Albert Moore, "the little tyrant," by publishing a correct account of the Sunday laws. Bad as they are, they are made worse by the policy of bulldozing—frightening people who are not thoroughly informed. For instance, there is the well-known case of the citizen who was scared into obeying the policeman who told him he could not use his camera on Sunday.

Then it seems very doubtful whether a man can be forbidden to work on his own house on Sunday, provided building is not his regular employment.

In spite of the laws, a little liberty is still preserved, and it might be well if the people were instructed as to the things they can do as well as those that are forbidden.

Toronto, August 10, 1909. "LIBERTY."

The Revising of the Catholic Bible.

IT is well known that throughout Catholic Christendom since the time of Gregory the Great the authorized version of the Scriptures has been the Vulgate, or Latin translation of the Old and the New Testaments, originally made by St. Jerome near the close of the fourth century of our era. The edition of this version which is now sanctioned is the Clementine, published in 1593, after a revision had occupied forty years. It was hoped that a good deal of aid might be derived from this latest form of the Vulgate at the time when a revision of the King James version of the Scriptures, authorized to be used in the Church of England, was undertaken by English and American scholars. A disappointment, however, was experienced, as even the Clementine text of the Vulgate was found to be corrupt or untrustworthy.

Taking cognizance of the imperfections of the Catholic Bible the present Pope determined to correct them, says the N.Y. Sun. In May, 1907, he committed the task of revising the Vulgate to the Order of the Benedictines, and to that end a commission was appointed with Abbot Gasquet, president of the English Benedictines, at its head. The object of the commission, according to the Pope's definite instructions, is to ascertain and restore as far as possible the original text of St. Jerome's Latin translation. How far St. Jerome's translation itself represents the Hebrew or Greek originals is another question, which may be a subject for future criticism and another commission. For the moment the task is its accurate reproduction.

The difficulties to be dealt with will be appreciated when we recall those which had to be surmounted even fifteen centuries ago. When Pope Damasus employed Jerome to revise the Latin Bible there was already a confusion of rival versions, conspicuous among which was the so-called "Itala." Jerome, however, had advantages which are not possessed to-day. He could compare dozens of ancient texts for one that is now in existence. Then, again, he had before him the "Hexaplar" of Origen, which represented not only the Septuagint in a state to which we can never hope to restore it, but the literal Greek translations of Aquila, Theodotion and Symmachus, of which we have only fragments. It is further to be noted that scarcely had Jerome's translation been completed than it began itself to fall into corruption, because it was received with scant favor by people accustomed to the old versions, especially in the liturgy, and at the most it was current side by side with the more familiar "Itala" until Gregory the Great intervened and ordered Jerome's translation to be generally used except in the Psalter. Nor was it until 1593 that an "authentic" version of the Vulgate was published by Clement VIII.

There is no doubt that the revising of the Clementine text of the Vulgate is now being conducted on the most modern and scientific lines. An exhaustive investigation is making through all the libraries of Europe in the hope of finding hitherto unrecognized manuscript copies of the Vulgate. A special commission has been organized to examine the libraries and cathedral archives of Spain in search of fresh material. Spain is thought to offer a promising field for such discoveries, since, having been outside Charlemagne's authority, it was not subjected, as were other Catholic countries, to the influence of the Alcuin version, which elsewhere in the ninth century superseded all other versions of Jerome's translation. It is impossible to say what treasures may not still lie hidden in the churches and monasteries of Spain.

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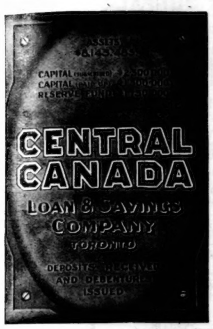

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IT'S A VOTE

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THE CROWN COAL CO.
LIMITED
HEAD OFFICE: 97 KING ST WEST
Phones: Main 6053 and 6054.

THE following little story is told by the Duke of the Abruzzi, who has recently been winning fresh laurels as a mountaineer. A certain well-known Arctic explorer was relating his adventures at a dinner-table, and in the course of his remarks, he said: "We certainly should have got much nearer to the Pole had not our dogs given out at a most critical moment." "But," cried the lady who sat next to him, "I always thought that Eskimo dogs were such very tireless creatures." "Madame," replied the explorer, gravely, "I—er—was speaking in a culinary sense."

The business of one well known firm of opticians in England consists largely in the manufacture of horse spectacles. The object of the spectacles is to promote high stepping. They are made of stiff leather, entirely inclosing the eyes of the horse, and the glasses used are deep concave and large in size. The ground seems to the horse to be raised, and he steps high, thinking he is going up hill or has to step over some obstacle. This system of spectacles is generally adopted while the horse is young, and its effect on his step and action is said to be remarkable. It has been discovered that the cause of a horse's shying is, as a rule, short sight, and it is now suggested that the sight of all horses should be tested, like that of children.—Dundee Advertiser.

Stout Lady (in theatre, to youth who has asked her to remove her hat)—Sit still. The play isn't fit for a boy like you to see!

THE INVESTOR

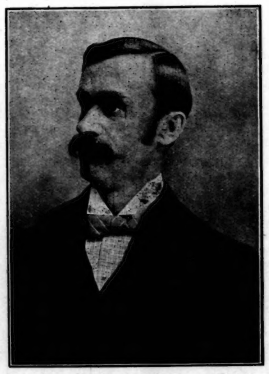
TORONTO **MONTREAL**

MONTREAL, AUG. 12, 1909.

A THIRTY-MILLION dollar cement merger is the latest financial conception to attract the attention of Montreal. No one on the street seems to have enquired greatly into the condition of the cement trade of Canada, but they make no doubt that the flotation will be successful. Has not Rodolphe Forget, M.P., taken charge of the underwriting arrangements, and will not the Bank of Montreal act as bankers and the Royal Trust as trustees for the new undertaking? Just what this means, is left for the public to surmise. In the absence of any definite statement associating the bank and the Trust Co. in any more intimate relationship than that of banker and trustee, it is not justifiable to assume that those large monetary institutions are assuming any responsibility whatever in the amalgamation. Other names also have been mentioned in connection with the affair, among these being Senator Edwards and Mr. J. S. Irvin, of Ottawa; C. H. Cahan and W. M. Aitken, of Montreal; F. B. Dunsford, of London, Eng., and Sir Sanford Fleming was also mentioned some time ago. These names for the most part are doubtless those of good men and true, but it doesn't necessarily follow that the purchasers of the common stock in the flotation will shortly find themselves on the high road to wealth and affluence.

***

The Capitalization.—The merger is to be called the Canadian Consolidated Cement Co. It is to have a modest capitalization of $30,000,000, of which $11,000,000 is to be preferred 7 per cent. stock, and $19,000,000 is to be common Ahead of the preferred stock, again, comes $5,000,000 bonds. It was at one time stated that it would embrace all the cement plants in the Dominion, and later it was said that it would control two-thirds of the cement output. The latter statement is doubtless the more accurate of the two. In fact, one has to surmise a certain amount in connection with the deal, for the reason that while no official announcement has yet been made, statements bearing the ear-marks of having emanated from authoritative sources are constantly appearing in the press and being discussed on the street. As the public will shortly be asked to subscribe to the securities of the company, it is well for them to have a few facts placed in front of them from which they will be in a position to form some judgment of the value of the securities.



Mr. R. Forget, the Montreal broker and financier, who organized the Cement merger.

***

Imports of Cement. The value of the imports of cement during the fiscal year ending March 31, 1908—the last for which figures are at the moment available—was $865,275. Compared with previous years, this showed a decline, and the probability is that during the past year the decline was at least as great as previously. These imports were brought in notwithstanding the tariff provided against foreign cements. The regular tariff amounts to 12½c. per 100 lbs. (equal to 43¾c. per bbl. of 350 lbs.). The preferential reduces this, in the case of Great Britain, to 8¼c., the surtax increasing it, in the case of Germany, to 16¾c.

***

What Cement Costs. The average cost of the cement imported in the year referred to, was $1.13 per bbl., as against an average cost of Canadian cement, at the factory, of $1.39. This was a lower price than had prevailed for some time previously, the average in 1907 being $1.55, that in 1906 being $1.49; in 1905, $1.42, and the previous year, $1.41. Cement has sold below $1 in 1909, and the average for the year will probably not exceed $1 per bbl. This price will probably form an effectual barrier against importations from other countries, it having been said—in the case of England, for instance—that the cost in the foreign market was $1 or more, making it impossible to pay freight and duty upon it and compete with the home product costing but $1 at the factory here.

***

Selling Price Low. Competition with producers within Canada, rather than with those without, however, was probably responsible for the low figure being accepted this year. The actual consumption in this country last year was 3,134,338 bbls., that of the previous year being 3,108,723. Previous to 1907 the consumption never reached three million barrels, and only two years earlier it was below two millions. The increase in the use of cement during the past four or five years may be averaged at, say, 350,000 bbls. per year throughout the Dominion. The capacity of the plants has in the meantime increased at an enormously greater ratio. To-day there are twenty-three plants in the Dominion, the daily capacity of which is 27,500 bbls. This amounts to 8,250,000 bbls., were the plants to operate only 300 days per year. Were they to operate continuously, the production would not fall far short of 10,000,000 bbls. per year.

The situation therefore is that the production of cement in Canada may be carried on at the rate of about three times the record consumption. If consumption were to continue its recent ratio of increase during the next ten years, the capacity of the existing plants would still be largely in excess of requirements. The threat conveyed in the situation was doubtless one of the reasons for the formation of a merger. In this way, according to customary arguments, expenses of operation could be cut down and over-production could be avoided by closing such plants as could best be dispensed with. A merger with a low capitalization representing very little water, would save the situation. But what is proposed to be done?

Bonds to the extent of $5,000,000 would require yearly earnings of $250,000, and the $11,000,000 preferred stock would require $770,000. So that before the common stock gets a look-in at all, the earnings would have to amount to $1,020,000. If we allowed a clear profit of 20c. per bbl., the merger would have to sell 510,000 bbls. to earn the interest on the bonds and the dividends on the preferred stock, and even then it would not have a cent over for rest account or for sinking fund. At a profit of 25c. per bbl., 255,000 bbls. would have to be sold to get the same results. Yet the largest consumption of the whole country was only twice in excess of three hundred thousand. And the merger is not claiming to control more than two-thirds of the output.

***

Injection of Water. Look at it another way. Some of the best plants in Canada have been capitalized at less than $1,500,000, and the general view was that a very considerable amount of water was here represented. That is, a cement plant which cannot be duplicated for one million dollars is an exceptionally good one. There are many in Canada which could be bought at half that amount, and possibly some which would gladly sell out at any figure. Yet, on a stock basis, the twenty-three plants are capitalized at $30,000,000, in front of which comes $5,000,000 bonds. It is hard to see how the price of cement can be raised greatly. There will be many fine plants left out of the merger, and these, on a modest capitalization, will be in good shape to fight for trade. Failing this, however, there are the foreign plants to compete with. Possibly some day the cement merger people will come to the Government to demand higher protection for their suffering common stock holders. We may hear, as we have heard in so many similar instances, of the impossibility of paying dividends on such a low tariff. Then the Government will raise the tariff—perhaps—and the whole country will pay higher for yet another article of necessity in order that investments which were never made shall receive a reward.

T. C. A.

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TORONTO, AUG. 12.

THE security markets continue more of an investment than of a speculative character. Many issues have risen to prices that one would naturally consider speculative, but still they show no weakness. The tendency, in spite of conservatism, seems to be towards a higher level. The ample supply of money, and the increasing wealth of the country are significant factors in the financial world. The assurance of large crops in the United States and Canada are not being overlooked. In money value these grain crops will foot up to a greater value than in any former year, and this fact alone makes for the stability of prices. The firmer rates for money, which are not unusual at this season of the year, may bring about occasional reactions in prices of securities, but the offerings are not likely to be heavy. The floating supply is comparatively light, and but a limited amount is being carried on small margins. The general situation is sound, and with prosperity and a bright outlook, there are no signs of stringency in the money markets. The extensive railway building in the Northwest means the addition of a great area of fertile land devoted to the production of foodstuffs, and a big corresponding demand on the East for manufactured articles. The objection that stocks are dangerously high derives point from a comparison with prices in previous years, and if such a comparison could be accepted as the only criterion, the point might be considered well taken. But in the market operations that have produced the high prices conservatism has gone hand in hand with confidence, and prices of stocks have no more been built up by over-speculation than have current prices for real estate, the improvement in the industries, or the boom in the building trades. A point of seeming importance to holders of securities is that current prices are the result of a movement that has been orderly, based on intelligent appreciation of the trend of the country's business, and of a substantial rather than purely speculative character.

***

Canada's Big Crops. Conditions favor the crops, and the largest yield of wheat on record for Canada is promised for 1909. According to the Statistical Report of the Dominion Government, a most satisfactory condition prevailed at the end of July. It was computed at that time that the total wheat crop of Canada would amount to 175,223,000 bushels grown on 7,684,300 acres. At this date a year ago the promise was for a total yield of 130,263,000 bushels on 6,610,300 acres The fall wheat in this province has been gathered in fine condition. The yield ranged from 20 to 35 bushels to the acre, and the estimated average 23½ bushels. Alberta is the only other province growing a considerable quantity of fall wheat, and there fully one-third of the area sown was killed by the hard winter weather. The 81,000 acres harvested has an estimated yield of 23.40 bushels per acre. The spring wheat crops in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta are estimated to yield this year 157,464,000 bushels, as against 110,524,000 bushels a year ago.

***

The Same Dividend. There is no doubt but that some speculative buying of C.P.R. was indulged in in the hope that the directors would increase the dividend rate. The prospective increase was believed to come from the large land sales at improved prices. The company has been paying 1 per cent. per annum for some years from the proceeds of these land sales, and it was assumed that the company could now pay 2 per cent. as easily as one per cent. But at the

BANK OF HAMILTON

Dividend Notice

Notice is hereby given that a dividend on the Capital Stock of the Bank of two and one-half per cent. (being at the rate of ten per cent. per annum) for the quarter ending 31st August, has this day been declared, and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its Branches on and after 1st of September next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 24th to 31st August, both inclusive.

By order of the board,

J. TURNBULL, Gen. Mgr.
Hamilton, 19th July, 1909.

THE BANK OF OTTAWA
ESTABLISHED 1874.

Money can be remitted to any part of the world by DRAFT or TELEGRAPHIC TRANSFER

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Capital Paid Up - $2,200,000
Authorized Capital - $6,000,000

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No delay in withdrawal

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First—The perfect purity, freshness and high quality of my drugs.
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Fourth—Prompt, cheerful and careful attention.

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Dealers in High Grade Bonds. Montreal.

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By Royal Warrant

to His Majesty the King

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SELECTED BRUT
A superb Brut Wine of unsurpassed style and flavor.

There is probably not a club in the world where men of taste gather where the name of **G. H. MUMM & CO.** is not a synonym for the best champagne that can be had.

Royal Warrants have been granted to Messrs. G. H. MUMM & CO. by
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His Majesty The German Emperor.
His Majesty The Emperor of Austria.
His Majesty The King of Italy.
His Majesty The King of Sweden.
His Majesty The King of Denmark.
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His Majesty The King of Spain.

"The quality goes in before the name goes on."

BREDIN'S "BEST"

Making bread is a matter of putting the ingredients together and applying the oven heat.

Making GOOD bread is a matter of care in the putting in of the ingredients, and care by the bakerman in the processes of production.

Making of the best bread requires skill in selecting the ingredients, great skill in having them properly proportioned, and greater skill in applying the heat that goes to make the perfect loaf.

In BREDIN'S BEST you find all the elements that warrant its name.

Added to this is the fact that every loaf is wrapped tight in an air tight rice paper wrapper. So there is absolutely no handling of your loaf before it reaches your table—try it.

10 cents.

Phone College 761; Parkdale 1585.

Gunner—Isn't it monotonous at these summer hotels? Guyer—Not at all. You should see our exciting games of shuffleboard. Gunner—Shuffleboard? Why, they play that on ships. Guyer—I know, and they play it at our summer hotel. If you don't shuffle pretty lively you don't get any board at all.

The Honorary Governors who will visit Toronto General Hospital during the coming week are Professor Goldwin Smith and Mr. J. W. Flavelle.

The Crown Prince of Germany, with his brothers, Prince Eitel Friedrich on his right, and Prince August Wilhelm on his left. This photograph was taken at Potsdam recently.

meeting of directors on Monday, the usual dividends were declared. The announcement was not made until the stock exchange had adjourned, but just previous to the closing the stock ran up ½ to ¾ on a few purchases. On Tuesday, however, there were more sellers than buyers, and the movement showed that a few holders at least were disappointed at the conservative action of the directors. That the year was a prosperous one for the C.P.R., was disclosed by the financial statement, which showed net revenues of $14,955,028 available for dividends, and a surplus of $3,847,161 to carry forward after payment of all expenses and dividends for the year. There was a good deal of rejoicing in the West when the announcement was made that Mr. William Whyte, second vice-president of the C.P.R., was not to retire from active service when he reached the scheduled age limit of 65 in October. "Having regard to Mr. Whyte's ability and his unimpaired energies, the directors have decided to extend his term of office for two years more."

⁂

Money in Demand.

Many of our banks are expanding their commercial loans, thereby keeping pace with the improvement in trade. No changes are yet reported in rates for call loans, which are 4 to 4½ per cent. The recent supplies of money have come chiefly through the drawing down of foreign balances of our banks, which have for several months been unusually large. They are mostly in New York and London. While money continues easy in New York, there is a likelihood of further considerable withdrawals by our banks, that is, if the demand here continues strong for commercial purposes. Firmer rates in New York are noted this week, the 2½ per cent. call money being the highest since early in the year. Funds that will extend into the new year are quoted at 4 as against 3½ per cent. last week. Should call money go to 4 or 5 per cent. in the American metropolis, it is not unlikely that Canadian rates would go up. Then the Western States banks are beginning to gather in their funds preparatory to meeting the demands of the crop-moving season, and the reserves of New York banks will be further drawn upon in consequence. It is true that banks in the western centres have a good deal of money on hand, but it is also true that they anticipate greater needs for crop moving purposes than have developed in past years.

⁂

Wheat Has Few Friends.

Wheat prices have been steadily declining for several weeks, and all the options are now under $1. In Chicago the markets are only a few cents above what they were at the corresponding date of last year. Even Mr. Patten has changed his tactics, and is now said to be a bear. The August report on wheat was much more favorable than had been expected. The yield of fall wheat promises to be in the neighborhood of 430,000,000 bushels, while July indications were about 390,000,000, an increase of 40,000,000 bushels. A couple of weeks ago it was said that August figures would show a falling off. Spring wheat promises to be 270,000,000 bushels, making a total of 700,000,000 bushels of wheat. This has been exceeded in only two years, that of 1901 and 1906. Although the stocks at present are small, it would not be surprising if wheat prices went down to the 80's. There is no speculative leader in the market now, and the big traders who were bullish recently are on the fence so far as market operations go, as they are not doing any buying to support the market on weak spots. This leaves it more of a natural affair where legitimate influences will prevail. The only disturbing influence is the operations of the Armour Grain Company, who are doing a large commission house trade, and are in and out in such a way as to keep the traders mystified.

⁂

Smaller Unclaimed Balances.

As a result of good advertising, or maybe from hard times, the unclaimed deposit balances in Canadian banks decreased $30,000 the past fiscal year. These unclaimed balances now aggregate $556,262, as compared with $586,246 the previous year. The 700 pages of the Government blue book show that thousands of the balances are for sums ranging under $5. One balance of one cent has appeared year after year, without a taker. In some cases, on the other hand, individual accounts run into thousands of dollars. The total amount of unpaid drafts and bills of exchange are nearly $30,000. It is somewhat remarkable that those who purchased the unpaid drafts and the persons to whom they should have been paid, have as yet failed to put in their claims.

The Goat's Good Work.

THE goat has never been a social favorite. In days gone by it was accused of the assorted sins of the community and assisted to hit the long trail. More recently tin cans have been its tit-bits and the joke column its hall of fame.

At last, however, it is being taken seriously, and the N.Y. Tribune tells how.

In the Western national forests the goat has been set to eating wide swaths through trackless thickets, where munched off paths are to act as roads and fire breaks. Further east the capacity of the goat to eat is being utilized for the clearing of brush land. In each case the despised creature is doing better work in its line than can man with all his ingenuity.

A goat will eat with the sole idea of consuming quantity and with an indifference that is absolute as to what manner of thing it devours. From clover to sagebrush and from parsnips to tree tops it is all one with the goat, says a writer in "The World To-day."

Armed with this capacity to eat, a flock of three thousand goats may be huddled together and led through a chaparral thicket such as skirts the forests. The men in charge hold back the flock as it advances that it may have time to make its task complete. Its errant appetite wanders from dry leaves on the ground to the rank weeds growing in moist places and the dense branches of the chaparral.

As the abundance is exhausted the sweep is made cleaner. The leaves and the larger limbs of the chaparral are attacked. The goat stands on its hind legs and reaches for its food; it gets astride the branches and rides them down, eating as it goes.

Finally it falls on the bark of the larger bushes and eats their bodies bare. There is no vestige of life left in its track. The firebreak is as clean as a ballroom floor.

Rank weeds, sunflowers, cockleburs and such have spoiled for cultivation millons of acres elsewhere. The chaparral is smothering out all other vegetation in such sections as West Texas, where originally prairies unwound themselves for hundreds of miles and were kept clean by oft recurring prairie fires.

For all such the goat is found to be the saviour. These lands would require from $12 to $20 to clear were men to do the work. The goat will do it for nothing. In fact, it will perform the task and in the mean time yield up abundant fleece, produce palatable goat "vension" and furnish a grade of milk that entirely outranks that of the cow.

The goat is to-day actually harnessed to the task of eating up oak brush fields in Iowa, broom sedge wastes in Virginia, cocklebur patches in Louisiana, sunflowers in Kansas, sagebrush in Nevada, lantana in Hawaii, chaparral and an unlimited miscellany everywhere.

It is the Angora goat, the aristocrat of all the tribe, that is doing the work. This because of the existence of great herds maintained for their wool before the new duties were laid down, and because there are more profitable by-products in these than in other varieties.

These great herds are in the West, particularly in New Mexico. They are becoming migratory under the call of their new usefulness. As they go about seeking what they may devour they will continue to give up the fleece that makes such dress goods as mohair, such commercially valuable material as the plush that covers the seats in all railway trains and such quaintly amusing articles as the wigs with which the members of the theatrical profession are wont to make sport.

Telling the Time.

THE art of telling time is as old as the earliest historical records, though the methods employed in dividing up the day into equal periods have varied greatly during the past eras; and only in modern times have watches and clocks, as we know them, become customary. Many of these are most elaborate, but practically all possess a circular dial or face. However, only as late as the sixteenth century many watches were oval in shape, and an oblong one with six sides kept splendid time after it had been repaired ninety years later.

Probably the earliest form of timepiece was the "gnomon," or index-rod, of a sun-dial . At first this was merely an upright stick placed in a sunny spot, and measuring the passage of the day by its shadow cast upon the bare earth, because the dial was a later innovation.

The sand-glass, still frequently used as an indicator for the boiling of eggs, dates back two thousand years, and was always reliable in marking a fixed space of time, such as the hour. It has not been very many years since the hour-glass had its particular place on the pulpits in our churches as an ever present reminder to the preacher not to overtax the attention of his audience. The finer glasses were filled with powdered egg-shells thoroughly dried, for this material was not so susceptible to atmospheric moisture.

A still earlier instrument was the clepsydra, which measured time by the efflux of water through a tiny orifice. There were two types of these. In the first the water trickled from a small opening in one vessel and slowly filled a receptacle which was graduated to indicate periods of time, and generally a "floater" pointed out the height of the water on the side of the vessel. In the second variety of clepsydra the graduated vessel, having a small orifice in the bottom, rested upon a surface of water and gradually filled and sank at the expiration of the fixed interval.

Space Between Car Lines.

THE recent squeezing to death between street cars of a man in an American city has called attention to the subject of the space between car tracks. There is no uniformity of practice in this matter. In New York City, for example, there is ample space to stand between the tracks, while in Chicago there is with the widest cars in use only 8 1-2 inches clearance between them. Several fatal accidents to people caught between two passing cars have brought the width of the "death zone," as the newspapers have dubbed it, into general notice. There are, of course, good reasons for keeping down the width between the car tracks. since that space is little used by traffic on any line where cars run frequently; but to reduce this space below the width necessary to permit a man to stand safely with cars passing on either side appears likely to cause not only death to pedestrians, but injuries to passengers who may carelessly allow arms or feet to project from the inner side of the car, particularly in summer, when open cars are run. The outcome of the current public discussion in Chicago will apparently be the spreading of track centres on the reconstruction work now in progress. Present ordinances permit tracks to be spaced 9 feet 8 1-2 inches, centre to centre. By increasing this to 10 feet 2 inches and reducing the width of cars by 3 inches, a clear space of 20 inches between tracks can be secured. This will not be sufficiently wide to encourage wearers of 1909 millinery to stand between passing cars, but is wide enough to permit one caught between the tracks with cars passing on both sides to escape without bodily injury.

Mrs. George Lynas, of Logansport, Indiana, has just bought the highest-priced cat in the world in London for $525. The animal is Rob Roy II., England's champion male chinchilla Persian cat and the winner of numerous prizes. The animal will be brought to the United States.

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Hunyadi Janos
MINERAL WATER

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A gentle and wholesome Laxative Water plays an all important part in maintaining good health. It regulates and tones up the system. Try a bottle and drink half a glass on arising in the morning.

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PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD
$11 FROM BUFFALO
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Cape May
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AND RETURN
August 24, September 3, 1909

Tickets good going on trains leaving at 9:00 a.m. with parlor cars, cafe car, and coaches, and 7:30 and 10:45 p.m. with sleeping cars and coaches, on date of excursion to Philadelphia and connecting trains to seashore points. The 7:30 and 10.45 p.m. trains make direct connection in Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, via Delaware River Bridge Route.

STOP-OVER AT PHILADELPHIA

allowed on going trip until day following date of excursion or on return trip within limit if ticket is deposited with station ticket agent. Tickets good to return within fifteen days.

Full information of B. P. Fraser, D.P.A., 307 Main St., Ellicott Square, Buffalo, or ticket agents Grand Trunk Railway, Canadian Pacific Railway, or Niagara Navigation Company.

J. R. WOOD, Passenger Traffic Manager.
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Cold Meats, Salad Dressing and Lunches
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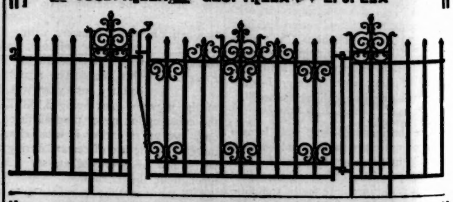

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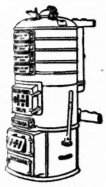
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"How does your husband manage in the winter when the automobile season is over?" "Fine. He takes up bowling and tries to kill the pin-boys!"—Puck.

NOTES from NEW YORK

BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

New York, August 12th, 1909.

SINCE the dramatic veto of the Building Code Law, a soporific calm seems to have settled over civic affairs. Tammany is yawning in his Fourteenth Street lair. The political leaders are out on the golf courses and even the Committee of One-Hundred, organized for our civic emancipation in the fall, seems to have "hiked" for cooler regions. In a few weeks we shall be in the throes of a quadriennial civic contest, with Tammany and the forces of righteousness and other things in a death struggle for control. But not a hint of this appears on the surface. Not a ripple disturbs the deep. We are as idle as "a painted ship upon a painted ocean."

* * *

THE new Tariff Bill to which the President affixed his official signature and personal apology has had no appreciable effect on business hereabout except to settle some minor uncertainties. It was generally conceded that the country's prosperity was a fact beyond the reach of tariff-makers and manipulators, and preparations for an unusual autumn trade have been going on quietly all the time. For the most part none of these activities has come to the surface, but everywhere the note is sanguine and the outlook full of expectation.

* * *

WALL Street has had some speculative activity on its own account that netted traders anywhere from two hundred and fifty per cent to five hundred, but its connection with the tariff has nowhere been suggested. Most of the trading was confined to the curb and handled by the juvenile members of the "street." The stock that experienced this activity was the new Lincoln cent, just issued by the Treasury. Quotations on the first day of their appearance were as high as a nickel per, but the operation of that very simple economic law of supply and demand gradually brought prices down to three for a nickel or nine for a quarter. At that price trading is still brisk. The Treasury is now issuing these coins at the rate of half a million a day, but the chief obstacle to private supply is the line of young speculators, extending at times for blocks and forming at the Treasury doors as early as 7 o'clock, three hours before the time of opening. One enterprising cigar concern offered these "pennies" for change for a day or two, but the sub-treasury has now placed a limit on the issue to individuals of one dollar and to banks ten dollars. The speculative value of the coin has been enhanced by the fact that contrary to law the engraver's initials appeared thereon, and for this reason the coinage has been stopped. However, as twenty-seven million are ready for circulation, it will be some years before they will be of great value. Another curious oversight has been pointed out, the new "pennies" do not fit the slot-machines.

* * *

THE news centre of the week was White Plains, ordinarily a peaceful, God-fearing suburb of this metropolis, but for the past month the scene of one of those periodic brain-stormings of the temples of justice, known as a Thaw hearing. White Plains, with its air of Sabbatical calm, its village constable life, its quiet all pervading sanity, is a curious background for a legal contest of this kind. But the Thaw family have been making it their home of late, and evidently satisfied with the impression they have made on its rural mind, chose it as the battleground of their latest fight. The trial just concluded has not been especially new or interesting. It was pretty much the same old story and the same old encounters between alienist and attorney. And of both the public is growing tired.

The decision will be announced before this goes to press, but at this distance it is difficult to predict the view that the Judge will take. It seems hardly probable that he will take the responsibility of disregarding the opinion of the Matteawan authorities, that Thaw at large would be a menace to the community, notwithstanding his showing on the stand. The injured air of the Thaw family, except on a theory of "exaggerated ego" all around, is difficult to reconcile with the facts. One would think that the jury in acquitting the murderer, on the ground of insanity, had taken the most magnanimous view possible of the crime. But not so the Thaw family. The grievance they have nursed so long finally exploded the other day in an attack on the district attorney from the witness chair. If the fountains of justice have not been kept pure, it is surely not for Thaw and his mother to complain.

* * *

THE unostentatious flow of Gotham's religious life has been temporarily disturbed from two directions during the week. Mrs. Besant, of Theosophical fame, reappeared among the faithful, smiting with a two-edged sword both the orthodox religious thinker and the agnostic scientist, and substituting for both "errors" the true doctrine of re-incarnation. Quoting John Stuart Mill that God cannot be omnipresent and all good or he would not permit so many sufferings to his children, she found that neither orthodox teachers nor scientists gave any satisfying reasons for the sufferings and misery of the world. Reincarnation, however, she declares, satisfies all questionings about the justice of things on earth, and makes reasonably bright the prospects of the future. Reincarnation teaches "that every human being is a part of the divine universal life, containing all the possibilities of divinity, constantly changing experence into faculty and power through life after life, growing and expanding, until finally the being becomes even as the image of the Maker-divine." Here is a sample of the evidence on which the theory of reincarnation is based: "When one meets a person against whom he feels an immediate antipathy," we are told, "it means that he disliked the other in another life. On the other hand, when one meets strangers for whom one feels an immediate affinity, it means that they two have been soul-mates in at least one other life." Comment is unnecessary.

The other disturbance referred to was in those more or less constantly troubled waters of Christian Science. Only a couple of months ago an over ambitious local leader, Mrs. Della M. Gilbert, had to be read out of the church for insubordination, and covered her retreat with some very uncomplimentary references to the parent organization. Over the signature of the Great Mother, whom Mrs. Gilbert pronounced "either dead or a helpless, mindless puppet in the hands of conscienceless leaders," comes an edict forbidding teachers and practitioners from having offices or rooms in Christian Science churches. In New York this is regarded as a direct blow at Mrs. Stetson, leader of the First Church of Christ Scientist in this city, and possible successor to Mrs. Eddy's mantle should she ever drop it. Any such intention is of course strenuously denied by the promulgators of the edict. In explanation we are told that "the world believes in the strength of organization, whereas we believe in the strength of spiritual government, wherein each becomes a law to himself—spiritually speaking." I have no idea what this means, but possibly you have.

* * *

THE new theatrical season opened a fortnight ago with the charge of "The Gay Hussars," a more or less dashing musical comedy, in which Mr. Savage it seems saw a successor to "The Merry Widow." The new opera is enjoying a good measure of popularity, but as a successor to "The Merry Widow," well, we are not so fickle as that.

The dramatic season opened last week, with "Billy," a very humorous, if somewhat attenuated comedy by Mrs. Sidney Drew, and "The Only Law," a new play written by Wilson Mizner and George Bronson-Howard, and dealing with Tenderloin life, more or less. There are some obvious faults both in construction and psychological development in "The Only Law," and it is entirely too reminiscent of last season to be classed as original. But the play tells an interesting story in an interesting dramatic way, is full of bright lines and unusually good dialogue, and these qualities are likely to insure a long popularity. "Being square with a pal is the only law" in the circle expoited, which consists of a wire tapper, by name, "Spider," a young woman, Jean, not very clearly defined, a young hanger-on whom she supports, and a young broker who wants to marry her, but whose "leg" she is pulling for her young lover. Through an interesting combination of circumstances, Jean's eyes are opened to the worthlessness of the young ne'er-do-well, and the play ends with an abrupt switching of her affections to the waiting broker. Interest, however, revolves around Spider, a very human, humorous, and glorified criminal, who carries the burden of the story and manipulates the action. This part is admirably played by Mr. Ben Johnson. Mr. Walter Lawrence, whose highly artistic "dramas in little" were a feature of the New York season up to last year, when his theatre was razed, is responsible for the present production.

* * *

NEW offerings promised for the coming week, are "The Florist Shop," by Oliver Herford, based on the German comedy, "Glueck bei Frauen" (Luck with Ladies), and "The Ringmaster," a four act modern drama by Olive Porter, a new playwright on the scene.

In addition to these, we are to have revivals of "The Morals of Marcus," with Marie Doro, and that excellent comedy of last season, "The House Next Door," with Mr. J. E. Dodson in the role of Sir John Cotswold.

J. E. W.

HERR VON BETHMANN-HOLLWEG,
The new German Chancellor, taking a ride in Berlin.

Dr. Eliot's New Religion.

DURING the last few years we have heard many predictions of a new religion, says The Argonaut, but as a rule these predictions have come from men of a low calibre who are themselves quite ready to supply whatever may be needed. But now comes President Charles W. Eliot, lately of Harvard College, and when President Eliot speaks we have acquired the habit of sitting up and taking notice. Dr. Eliot addressed himself to the Harvard Summer School of Theology, and he not only advised his hearers to expect the new faith, but he told them something of its nature.

With all due respect to Dr. Eliot, we can not see anything new in the programme that he outlines. Taking it clause by clause, we find nothing antagonistic to, or divergent from, the Christianity of two thousand years ago, however much it may be in conflict with the monstrosity foisted on us by modern theology. Dr. Eliot says that the new religion will not be bound by dogma or creed; that its discipline will be training in the development of co-operative good-will; that it will attack all forms of evil; that there will be no supernatural element, and that it will be based on the two great commandments of love of God and the service of men. He adds that the new religion "will not attempt to reconcile people to present ills by the promise of future compensations" and that it will deal with joy and life, rather than with sorrow and death.

Quite so. When Dr. Eliot says that there is a new religion on the stocks, he evidently means that we are to have a revival of Christianity as given to the world by its Founder, and to the majority of people this would indeed have all the strangeness of novelty. He might have summarized the whole matter by saying that we should give up going to church and become Christians

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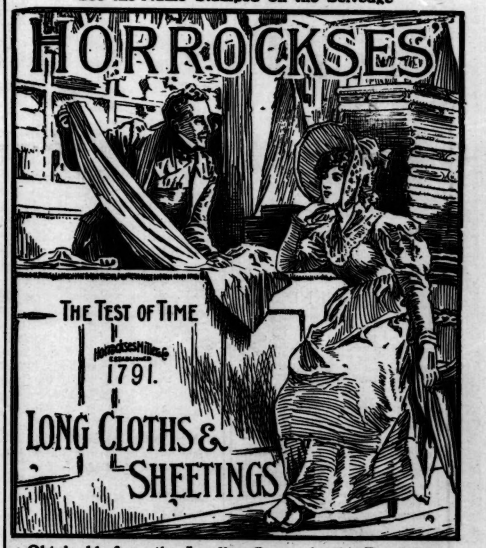

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Four Graceful and Pretty Women.

IN proposing "The Territorial Force" at an inaugural dinner recently, the pompous chairman said: "This is a toast which requires very little comment from me. 'The Army and Navy' have been drunk for very many years, and I hope 'The Territorial Force' will be drunk for a long time to come!"

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

ON Tuesday afternoon between 3.30 and 4.00 o'clock a rumor spread through the down town districts that Hanlan's Island was on fire. Crowds of people quickly made for the elevators of all the tall structures, the roofs of which were soon filled with intently gazing men and women, who watched while the great clouds of bellowing smoke rose before the wind and cast black shadows over the rippling sunlit bay. Tongues of red flame shot up in several directions, snakes of flames, curved and licked fiery fangs around the Point, while through the belching sulphurous clouds could be seen the great red blaze of Hanlan's Hotel. The flimsily constructed amusement places went in little bursts of flame, and if the wind had veered nothing could have saved the cottages on the Point. The inadequate fire protection was of no use and the fairyland place of amusement, which was crowded with life and full of fun throughout the summer days, is only a charred waste strewn with the ashes of board and tinsel. The cyclone of fire swept everything before it, and Toronto's Coney Island is now only a smouldering heap. Modern and blatant with spiral towers and insistent merry-go-rounds it was a safety valve for overworked humanity in quest of cheap forms of amusement. But by night the spangle of colored lights shed a jewelled radiance for miles, beautiful to the eye and restful to the senses. Town people have grown up with the Island and worn their first canvas shoes and jersies on the shores where the famous sculler after whom it was named was held in evergreen memory and whose achievements were the lore of the place. The oval whereon league baseball and lacrosse were played to the noisy satisfaction of thousands of fans was to have been the scene of a number of great games before the season closed. The tragedy of Miss Clara Andrews' death was nearly followed by another girl's, whose narrow escape was due to the brave efforts of Mr. Heard, who dashed to the rescue. Constables Lundy and Brown did heroic work and went between blazing timbers in their efforts to reach the body of Miss Andrews. There were a number of other narrow escapes, and the audience seated in the Gem Theatre owe their escape to the prompt action of the men in charge.

Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain.

The air ship man rose to the occasion in record time, while the strenuous occasion was productive of many ludicrous and futile efforts at saving household effects and valuables. One man worked for all he was worth to get his things in a boat and had only pushed out when a burning board fell on top of his bedding. A small blaze started and he had to jump out in the lagoon and splash water on with his hands. The shells of the Toronto Rowing Club were set adrift and the strong breeze bore them to a place of safety, and the animals of the menagerie through the frantic efforts of the keepers were saved with the exception of the Guinea pigs.

Rev. Prof. Edward A. Wicher and Mrs. Wicher, who are en route from Palestine to their home in San Francisco, have spent the week in town the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Langlois, 149 Rusholme Road.

Miss Bessie Macdonald is at Cushing Island, Portland, Maine, with Sir Mortimer Clark and family.

Mrs. Jack Alley and her small daughter are spending a few weeks in Orangeville with Mrs. Alley's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Marshall.

Mrs. Harry Paterson is staying with her mother, Mrs. Ince, at Paradise Grove.

The engagement of Mrs. A. W. Mackenzie, daughter of the late Mr. Angus Kirkland, to Mr. Kenric Rudd Marshall, eldest son of Mr. Noel Marshall, is announced.

The engagement is announced between Mr. Donald Robertson, of Trinity College, Cambridge, England, and Miss Petica Courscelles Jones, daughter of the late Col. C. Jones, R.A., of Jesmond Hill, Pangbourne, England.

Mr. Allan G. Taylor, of St. Andrew's College, is at the Kawartha House, Sturgeon Point.

The pretty summer resort Port Sydney has been more than gay during the past week. At the Cliff House, which is beautifully situated, a dance was given on Wednesday evening, and everything that could contribute to the pleasure and enjoyment of the guests was done by Mr. and Mrs. Robert Jenner, the genial hosts. Mrs. Powis, the Misses Buchan, Mrs. Barbour, the Misses Ridout, Miss Gilman, the Misses Macrae, Miss Montgomery, Miss Morgan, Mr. Macrae, Mr. Burnett, Dr. Ebart, Mr. Levee and Mr. Manchel are some of the Toronto people staying at the house. A garden fete in aid of the repair fund for the Rectory of Christ Church, at which over $100 was realized, was the way another most satisfactory evening was spent.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Cox have been guests at Ravenscrag, Windermere.

There have been two large dances during the week at Windermere, and some of those attending were: Major and Miss Cooper Mason, Mrs. Archibald Allan, New York; Mrs. S. A. Helliwell, Mrs. Charles Burden, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Cox, Dr. Penz, New York; Miss Hazel Hogarth, the Misses Buck, Brantford; Miss Wheeler, Miss Lula Larkin, Miss Marion Gordon, Miss Marjorie Eaton, Miss Bessie Larkin Mr. Harry Small, Miss Nellie Clemen, Windsor; Mr. J. G. Rolph, Miss Alice Eaton, Miss Greta Burden, Mr. W. F. Rolph, Miss Kathleen Buck, Miss Kathleen Burns, Miss Lilla Burns, Mr. Robt. Waller, Miss Waller, Indiana; Mr. James Cotton, Mr. E. W. Knowles, the Misses Cringan, Mr. Harry Burden and Mr. C. Percy Archibald.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Treble, of Hamilton, are visiting Mrs. Treble's parents, Dr. and Mrs. Cotton, at the Pines, Windermere.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. E. Gooderham are at the Arlington, Cobourg, and never has the harbor presented such a smart appearance as it does now. Yachts, launches and small craft of every description are to be seen, gaily decked with flags, streamers and bunting, and every day more boats arrive, and no end of gaieties have been arranged for the visiting yachtsmen and their friends. An exhibition of fireworks, illuminated boat parade and dances at the different houses which are crowded with guests are some of the features of the programme. Mrs. G. M. Higginbotham is spending the balance of the season in the old town, as are Mr. H. H. Fudger, Miss H. Fudger, Miss Eunice Fudger and Mr. Basil Walker with his fine craft.

Mr. Frank Vokes, of St. George street, is spending some time on the Indian River.

On last Saturday afternoon the annual regatta of the Canadian Canoe Association, for the first time in its history, was paddled on Toronto Bay. The scene was the most brilliant witnessed on the Bay for many a day, and thousands of spectators lined the course, taking advantage of the seats erected on the club houses and floats stationed around and near the finish. Motor boats, launches and dinghies, all gaily decorated, crowded the length of the course and added to the brilliancy of the scene. Bands played, whistles shrieked and the supporters of the different clubs kept the air throbbing with noise and excitement. It was a great day for the canoe club; they won six firsts and two seconds, one more first than at the championship regatta at Ottawa last year. The war canoe race was the most exciting of the day, and the rush in the last fifty yards quite took the spectators' breath away. A jolly dance, at which some of the prettiest girls in town wore bewitching chiffon and lingerie frocks with becoming hats and went into enthusiastic raptures over the exhibition of tanned muscle and crack paddling, brought to a close a memorable day in canoe club annals.

A very successful hop was given in the Victoria Park pavilion, Beaverton, at which a good many Toronto people were noticed. Mrs. A. J. Reid and Miss Bessie Trent, Miss Bennett, Miss Winnifred Grant, Miss Mary Malone, Miss Wilson, Miss Frances Thomas, Miss Connie Oakley and Mr. Machie, Mr. Wilson, Mr. A. J. Reed, Mr. Howe, Mr. McNaught, Mr. Graham, Mr. Holmes, Mr. Grant, Mr. Edwards, Mr. Madill and Mr. Cameron were among the number.

Mrs. Robert Kilgour, at her summer home, "Nordoff," Roche's Point, has been entertaining Mrs. Crawford. Mr. Clayton Crawford, Miss Maclure, Miss Builder and Mr. Robert Builder.

Miss Lamport is staying with her sister, Mrs. William Wallace Bruce, at her cottage, Lake of Bays.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. McCarter, 56 Chestnut Park road, are at present in Winnipeg. They will visit Vancouver, Seattle and Los Angeles before returning to Toronto in September.

Mr. and Mrs. M. G. Hunt, Palmerston Boulevard, have gone to Louisville, Kentucky, to spend a few weeks.

The first annual regatta of the Sparrow Lake Association was held on a course extending from the wharf a quarter of a mile north-west to Helen's Island. Through the kindness of Mr. Hanna, third vice-president of the Canadian Northern Railway, the association was enabled to offer the "Hanna Championship Cup." It is awarded to the house scoring the greatest number of points in the annual regatta, and must be won three times before becoming the absolute property of any house. The competition was very keen and exciting, resulting in a tie between the Stanton House and Mr. Butler's Cottage, Helen's Island. The gold medal for the Individual Championship of the lake was won by E. Aubrey Butler. In the evening a dance was given at the Lakeview House under the patronage of President and Mrs. Loveys and Commodore and Mrs. Langmuir.

The engagement is announced of Miss Ruth Hamilton Fuller, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Valancey E. Fuller, and granddaughter of the late Lord Bishop of Niagara, to Mr. Richard Walsh, of Kingswood, Clondalkin, Ireland, and Palo Duro, Texas. Mrs. and Miss Fuller and Mr. Walsh are present guests at the Queen's Royal, Niagara-on-the-Lake.

The latest idea for dealing with a plague of locusts has its birth in Hungary. When the distracted farmers saw their crops being devoured by myriads of these destructive pests, they telegraphed all over the place for assistance, and in a short space of time no fewer than one hundred and eighty steam-rollers were at work going across country flattening the insects out. It is true that the crops were also spoilt, but as the locusts would have eaten them had they been left alone, it did not matter very much. Anyway, a locust once flattened out by a steam-roller never recovers its appetite.

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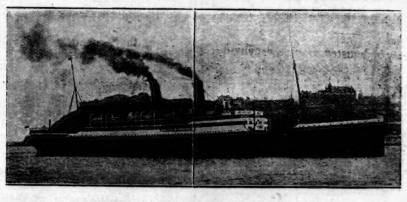

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By Train to Mecca.

TRAVELLERS in the Far East now go by train from Damascus to Mecca. A description of certain features of the line by a recent traveller is of interest:

"The rails used in the construction are all steel, and come from the United States. From Damascus to Daraa wooden ties were laid, which are already being replaced by iron ones. From Daraa south only iron ties, which also come from the United States, are used.

"Some of the flat-cars and the freight-cars came from Belgium, while the passenger-cars are from Germany. The first-class cars are of the compartment style, a corridor running clear through on one side of the car into which open the small compartments which accommodate eight persons each. They are finely upholstered, and cost 23,000 francs ($4,600) each. Until now there have been no second-class cars. The third-class cars are fitted up with stout wooden benches in rows, with an aisle running through the centre. They are not upholstered and have no curtains, but have glass windows and shutters. They cost 19,000 francs ($3,800) each.

"This road has been built by the Turkish government, assisted to a small extent by the contributions of devoted Mohammedans. Meisner Pasha, a German, has control of the construction of the road, and is assisted by other European engineers. The greater part of the manual labor has been done by the regular Turkish soldiers without extra pay.

"The Damascus station of the railway is situated at the extreme southern end of that part of the city called the Medan. In viewing Damascus from the heights to the northwest the city resembles a saucepan or a spoon with a round bowl, the main part being round and the quarter called the Medan corresponding to the handle. The latter is practically a single long street. The station consists of several buildings, some of which are ware and baggage houses. Large repair shops are being erected. The present station building is a small affair, but it is probable that a suitable structure will soon be built."

A CLERGYMAN went to have his teeth fixed by a dentist. When the work was done the dentist declined to accept more than a nominal fee. The parson, in return for this favor, insisted later on the dentist accepting a volume of the reverend gentleman's own writings. It was a disquisition on the Psalms, and on the fly leaf he had inscribed this appropriate quotation:

"And my mouth shall show forth thy praise."

"TOMMY, I am sorry, but I will have to whip you for fighting when I told you you mustn't. What were you and Jimmy White quarrelling about?"

"Why, mom, he said you were ten years older than his mother, and I told him he was a liar."

"Well, Tommy, I don't approve of your fighting, but under the circumstances—— Here's a quarter for you, and I'll ask your papa to take you to the moving picture show tonight when he comes home."

A Steel Airship

IN these days of aeroplanes and aerodromes and dirigibles, and much talk about the conquest of the air, there is considerable interest attaching to the idea put forward in the August number of Machinery by C. A. McCready. Mr. McCready does not assume credit for the structure he proposes for the conquest of the air, but declares that the ideas which he here propounds were worked out by the late Dr. Arthur de Bausset, "a physician by profession and a scientist of very high attainments." Mr. McCready holds that an airship can only be a real success when it is a commercial success. His theme is the use of a vacuum, partial or absolute, in place of the use of a gas balloon on the one hand or of a heavier than air machine dependent upon motive power to remain aloft on the other hand. By the proper application of the principle of deflation—exhausting the air and leaving a vacuum—he says it will be found that all of the requirements for a commercial airship, requirements which both the balloon and heavier than air types now fail to, can be met. His subject is "The Commercial Airship."

"Let us assume," he says, "a thin steel cylinder of high tensile strength, say .018 inch, so as to permit of the lightest construction consistent with safety, the diameter to be about 150 feet and (including cones at either end to facilitate passage through the air) of an extreme length of say 750 feet from apex to apex of the cones; the cylinder and cones to be supported internally by a system of bracing, light in weight but so constructed as to prevent collapse or buckling when the air is exhausted."

Of the anticipated objection that such a construction is impracticable Mr. McCready says that this must be dismissed for the present without further explanation than that "the entire system has been worked out to the final detail and attested by engineers of national reputation." He says that such a body—or "envelope," as the engineers call it—as described would contain over 420 net tons of air. The weight of the cylinder with its internal bracings, its attached car and all necessary furnishings would be roughly 270 tons net as he figures it, leaving an extreme lifting force of about 150 net tons with the air entirely exhausted from the cylinder, a vacuum of course being lighter than any gas.

"Leaving say fifty tons of air in the cylinder as a reserve," he goes on, "there would still remain a lifting force of 100 net tons or 200,000 pounds, the equivalent in weight of at least 1,000 men."

Coming down to the workings of the ship so devised Mr. McCready says that when the car is loaded ready to be transported pumps are set to work to exhaust the air from the cylinder, and when the weight of the air exhausted overbalances the weight of the airship and its load it will rise; "and as more air is exhausted the airship will rise higher until the desired height is reached, whether it be a few feet above the ground or high above the clouds."

To descend it is only necessary to open valves and allow air to enter until the added weight causes the airship to descend. This rising and descending can be adjusted at the will of the pilot so as to take advantage of whatever atmospheric level is most favorable for navigation. The airship does not have to come back to earth for gas.

The writer points out that whereas the ship at sea has at times to combat the combined fury of waves and wind, the airship of this model would sustain one less element of danger through its ability to change its specific gravity at will. It could rise above storms near the earth or descend below storms encountered high among the clouds. Of speed Mr. McCready says that while this would depend partly on varying conditions met, "a minimum of 100 miles per hour is provided for. Bearing in mind the speed actually attained by the crude devices now on exhibition here and abroad, this estimate for a scientifically constructed airship capable of carrying the necessary machinery does not seem extreme. This would permit a passage across the Atlantic in one and one-half days. The same rate of speed in a continued trip—which is well within the limits of possibility—would permit of circumnavigating the earth in ten days."

Before outlining the plan of his own commercial airship Mr. McCready in his paper analyzed the conditions governing the types of airships and balloons now in use, in order to lead up to the advantages his type has over the present "crude devices." After having explained his machine, however, he becomes enthusiastic. "The vacuum airship may exert an influence almost incalculable on human affairs," he says. "What better health resort can be imagined than the upper air for victims of tuberculosis and kindred ailments? What better method of exploring distant regions now almost inaccessible and searching out their hidden treasures? How better could relief be carried to famine stricken districts?"

Unlike the balloons and flying machines of the present, this airship was not designed for war purposes. That it would be useful in time of war is self-evident. But it is hoped that it may be more useful to the world by showing the futility of building and supporting warships and fortifications that could be so easily destroyed, and of maintaining large armies that could be so easily put out of action by it.

"With commercial success achieved, all other needful purposes can readily be met."

BARON D'ERLANGER,
Composer of "Tess," an operatic version of Thomas Hardy's great novel, "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," produced at Covent Garden.

The Lure of the Desert Land.

By Madge Morris.

HAVE you slept in a tent alone—
a tent
Out under the desert sky—
Where a thousand thousand desert
miles
All silent 'round you lie?—
The dust of the æons of ages dead,
And the peoples that trampled by!

Have you looked in the desert's painted cup,
Have you smelled at dawn the wild sage musk,
Have you seen the lightning flashing up
From the ground, in the desert dusk?

Have you heard the song in the desert rain
(Like the undertone of a wordless rhyme),
Have you watched the glory of colors flame
In its marvel of blossom time?

Have you lain with your face in your hands, afraid,
Face down—flat down on your face—and prayed,
While the terrible sand-storm whirled and swirled
In its soundless fury, and hid the world
And quenched the sun in its yellow glare,—
Just you, and your soul, and nothing, there?

If you have, then you know, for you've felt its spell,
The lure of the desert land.
And if you have not, then I could not tell,—
For you could not understand.

—Lippincott's.

THE other evening Miss Y., a maiden lady of uncertain years, suspecting the cook was entertaining her beau down stairs, called Martha and inquired whether she did not hear some one talking with her.

"Oh, no, ma'am," cried the quick witted Martha: "it was only me singing a psalm."

"Very good," returned Miss Y. significantly; "you may amuse yourself with psalms, but let's have no hims."

A GOOD old west-country preacher, who had decided to leave an unremunerative charge, finding it impossible to collect his salary, said in his farewell sermon: "I have little more to all, dear brethren, save this: You were all in favor of free salvation, and the manner in which you have treated me proves that you have got it!"

THE druggist danced and chortled till the bottles danced on the shelves.

"What's up?" asked the soda clerk, "have you been taking something?"

"No," gurgled the dope dispenser, ecstatically. "But do you remember when your water pipes were frozen last winter?"

"Yes, but what"—

"The plumber who fixed them has just brought a prescription to be filled."

Japanese Prints

THE remarkable development of Western interest in Japanese prints is one of the most striking evidences of the broadening catholicity of modern taste in art. A writer in The Pall Mall points out that a generation ago, when the old era was dying in Japan, and the country was opening its doors to Western ideas, some of the least-prized productions of native art were the Japanese colour prints. These had once been sold for a trifle apiece, and, after playing a part for a couple of centuries in the domestic decoration of the country, had many of them disappeared as a result of neglect or inappreciation, or still oftener through the ravages of fire, that treacherous and relentless enemy to the wooden Japanese dwelling.

Slowly, but surely, these quaint and beautiful products of the Japanese press found their way to Europe, to be valued, perhaps, by only one in a thousand, even among professed lovers of art. Like their friend Swinburne, Whistler and Rossetti were among these early enthusiasts, and the effect of this liking is seen here and there in their pictures. Another enthusiast less known to fame was Mr. Ernest Hart, who may perhaps be accounted the pioneer of the cult, certainly so far as England is concerned. Gradually the artistic and literary world of London awakened to the merit of these fair and fragile things. In Paris, it soon appeared, there had also been a group of connoisseurs who had made simultaneously a study of the subject, and it was from these early French experts that our exact knowledge was first obtained. Soon the passion grew and spread. Thirty years ago a very fair Japanese print could be bought for the proverbial song; whereas nowadays, whenever subject and signature and condition concur to make a perfect specimen, it can hardly be secured for as many pounds as it was once sold for pence.

This was strikingly illustrated by the keen competition shown and the high prices obtained at the sale of the Happer collection held in London recently. It was the finest collection ever seen in England, and contained some of the rarest specimens. The sale-room, during the week it lasted, was crowded with experts from all parts of the world, and the eagerness evinced in the purchase of these treasures came as an agreeable surprise to those who for years had endeavoured to arouse a genuine love for them. A still greater surprise was the wonderful show of prints by Harunobu, a master whose works are destined to become more and more the ambition of collectors.

One thing which has helped to increase the market value of these prints is the fact that they are no longer produced on a scale of such perfection. The supply is at an end. It may almost be said that the tradition is lost; and in order to perceive the difference between the old work and the modern in this line one must know something of the way in which these prints were produced. First, it must be said that they were all printed by hand, without the use of a press, and it is literally the unfailing handiwork of three men, the engraver, the printer, and the artist, which constitutes a true specimen.

The artist first drew his design on thin paper. This was pasted face downwards, usually on cherry wood, and the engraver made a careful facsimile of the brush-lines in the original. From this engraved outline block proofs were then taken by hand, one for each colour; and these proofs were, in their turn, cut on the wood to the necessary form and shape for printing the colour required. Simple as this might appear, it required extraordinary skilful rubbing and registration of all the different blocks to produce a perfect print. Then, again, the number of prints in their finest state must have been very limited in number, for the wooden blocks soon lost their keenness of outline. The colouring, too, was not always uniform, for the pigments used were ground in water instead of oil.

IN spite of his scientific attainments, the late Professor Newcomb had a fine sense of humor, and he delighted to tell the story of how, on one occasion, a deputation of influential Kentucky negroes visited him at Washington. "We, the people of Kentucky," said the spokesman, "have heard of you, sah. I am glad to meet you, sah. My people, sah, think you a greater man than Washington." To this the professor bowed, and replied: "You flatter me overmuch. George Washington was a very great man." "George Washington!" exclaimed the spokesman. "Thunder, no! No, sah. I mean Booker T. Washington."

The Furniture Sale Brings Good Taste and Economy Together

"Cheap" Furniture has no fascination for customers of this store. Cheap means "common-ugly" in the accepted significance of the term nowadays. We do not want to call the Furniture in this Sale cheap. It is too good for that term, inexpensive as it is. But it IS cheap all the same, in the true sense of that word. It is good value for the money—extra good.

20 Music Cabinets, quartered oa , golden polished, attractive designs, plenty of space. Regular '12.00, Augu-t Sa.e, $7.00.

15 Combination Dressing Cases or Tables, handsome quartered oak, richly polished, closed forms, useful table, open display space for complete toilet set, towel bar, mirror, etc., practically indispensable for bed-sitting room. Regular $16.00, August Sale, $7.50.

25 Den Tables or Tabourettes, quartered oak, golden or Early English finish, splendid Mission designs. Regular $8.00, August Sale, $5.00.

12 Morris Chairs, massive quartered oak frames, Early English finish, bag cushions of fine Spanish leather, complete brass adjusting rod and attachment. Regular $19.75, August Sale, $16.50.

7 sets Dining Chairs, quartered oak frames, polished, golden finish, back and seat upholstered in green leather. Regular $45.00 per set of 1 arm and 5 small chairs. August Sale, $31.00.

THE ROBERT SIMPSON COMPANY, LIMITED
TORONTO

Unanswered.

By Charlotte Becker.

DEAR Heart, where you are lying
Beneath the budded rue,
Do joy and love and laughter
Call through the dark to you?

Does ever the old longing
Your quiet pulses thrill,
To stray with bird and blossom
Across the Spring-swept hill?

And, is your sleep too dreamless
To feel my shelt'ring grief,
Breathe through each bending blossom,
Sigh through each falling leaf?

—The Forum.

Love's Little Tragedy.

"DAUGHTER," said Stoxanbons, an anxious tone coming into his voice, as he led his only child to a seat, "tell me, was not young Seekem here last night?"

"He was father. Why do you ask?"

"Words passed between you?"

"Yes, father. A mere spat, hardly a quarrel. Why do you ask? Has anything happened?"

"Am I to understand, daughter, that he broached the question of marriage?"

The expression of alarm on the girl's face deepened. "Yes, he proposed," she answered quickly. "Oh, father, has anything happened? For mercy's sake, don't keep me in suspense! If he has——"

"What reply made you, daughter, to this proposal? Did you accept?"

The girl moaned. "No, father, I did not. I did not feel that I could in justice to him. But why torture me thus? Has his body been——"

The parent's face hardened. "Tell me!" he persisted. "Did you give him any encouragement?"

"Oh, I don't know, I don't know!" murmured the girl, distressed. "Has he drowned himself——"

"You refused him, absolutely and positively?"

The girl shuddered. "Heaven help me," she said, "I did! He threatened to end it all; but I didn't believe he would. And so this is the result! Oh, isn't it awful?"

"It is," assented the father. "I suspected that you had finally dismissed him when the news of what he had done came to me to-day."

"Father," murmured the unhappy girl, "shall I be held to account for this awful thing?"

"I think not. You weren't obliged to marry him just because he asked you."

"But tell me, father, what has happened! Tell me! I have strength to bear it."

"He has gone to work," said the old man, as he turned away.

M. CHARPENTIER,
Composer of "Louise," which has been the greatest success of any new opera within recent years.

Cheap Transit.

THE Lancet publishes an urgent warning against the dangers to the race arising from too cheap transit facilities. It says: "The inducement to ride rather than walk is a temptation which continually confronts the public. It is not difficult to see in this a process which is calculated to lead to physical and not improbably mental demoralization.

"If a man can reach his home by a tram car or omnibus for a cent he is not going to trouble himself to walk the distance. He thus loses a valuable and healthful form of exercise because travelling is so cheap. Formerly he walked to save the relatively costly fare.

"The lift is another example of modern innovation which encourages idleness and which indeed threatens to make the staircase superfluous and obsolete. Another example of the demoralizing tendency of cheap transit is seen in the travelling platform, which is designed to save so much walking. Everywhere machinery is devised to save physical effort, as though we possessed no means of getting about ourselves.

"Surely this state of things cannot count for sturdiness and healthful activity in the future generation, but is more likely to lead to a state of atrophy which must react unfavorably on the individual. It is open to question whether the human race is better off for the number of facilities which are constantly thrown in its way."

THERE is a great mass of interesting information being brought out just now by the Tennyson centenary, and publications of every kind are filled with stories about the great poet. An interesting one of these tales is about the party of five—three artists and two poets—who fifty years ago went together on a memorable tour through Cornwall. The poets were Tennyson and Palgrave, the artists Holman Hunt, Val Prinsep, and Woolner the sculptor. Tennyson, who was lionised to a painful extent, and detested the too pushing worship of the crowd, made the others promise that they would not mention his name at any of the hotels, and Mr. Holman Hunt tells some amusing stories of the poet's annoyance at being always described by Palgrave as "the old gentleman." Tennyson was very little over fifty at the time, but Palgrave would not listen to his protests. "You won't let us call you Tennyson," he said; "you won't take any other name. What are we to call you?" So poor Tennyson was "the old gentleman," and nothing else, to the hotel-keepers during the tour. All of the party—artists and poets—were tremendous talkers, and there is a story of some stranger who dined with them at an inn, and was perfectly dazzled by their conversation. "You are," he suddenly broke in, "the most extraordinary and interesting man I have ever seen. Do please tell me who you all are!"

"Billy, did you ever pick up a live trolley wire with your bare hands?"

"Many a time."

"Didn't it give you a shock?"

"Give me a shock? It killed me dead every time."—Chicago Tribune.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

IF there was anyone in town Sunday last who did not frizzle they have not been heard from up to date. "Torrid weather" is a very weak appellation to apply to such a red hot sample of what the Canadian summer may give in its heat gyrations. Those with the price of a ferry trip and something over for the cooling drink made for the Island; the parks were filled, and every cool spot that memory could recall. The streets were indeed deserted, and behind drawn blinds negligees, ample or abbreviated, were donned. Policemen stood in doorways whenever possible, but their white helmets had a scorched look by night, and in the congested districts it was too hot for even the habitual fighter to engage in his favorite pastime, so no sprinting was demanded of the "bobbies." The only consolation of the day was that the fiendish "chasers" were not abroad; whether all the motors had left town or were stalled in garages was not evident, only the welcome absence of the hideous, ripping, exploding buzz saw of a cycle, that makes a swarth of noise in its chasing career, almost compensated for the discomforts of the day. During the week the heat somewhat abated, and occasionally a cool breeze would spring up. The streets, however, have been filled with tourists, and the taxis, tallyhoes and electric coaches overflowing with well dressed crowds, all eagerly drinking in the information so generously ladled out with the trip. The appearance of the visitors and the manner in which they spend their money indicate a spreading reputation for the town among substantial people abroad. Among so many charming attractions by water and park it does seem deplorable that one of the fairest spots—the Island—should be missed by so many who even though they could find time to take the ferry over are averse to undertaking the walk. The new Commissioner of Parks is to be congratulated on the appearance of Centre Island, the work being done and indications of what another season will bring. The classes of new cottages going up, the lawns in front sodded, which must mean great labor and expense, and the evident pride of and enjoyment in the pretty summer homes is a good thing to see. Private cottages are filled with guests, and the verandahs overflowing with dainty summer girls, boarding house and rooming places crammed with people, who cheerfully put up with accommodation of the most primitive in many cases, but evidently find compensation in the bathing, sun-baths on the beach and the altogether jolly life of the "Islander."

THE DUCHESS OF LEEDS.

Mr. L. V. McBrady and family have returned from a two weeks' trip to the Saguenay River.

Dr. and Mrs. T. Shaw Webster left London, England, for the continent on August the 1st, and will return to Toronto about the middle of September.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Nelson (Bank of Montreal), Port Arthur, announce the engagement of their eldest daughter, Phyllis Margery, to Mr. A. E. McMaster, of Prince Rupert, B.C. The marriage will take place on the eighth of September.

Mr. Kenneth S. MacKenzie, pupil of the celebrated actress, Miss Bateman, and of Mr. Charles Seymour, Prof. of Elocution, London, England, will shortly return to Toronto and open a studio of dramatic art.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. McNally and Miss Skirrow are spending the month of August in camp at Miner's Bay.

Dr. and Mrs. A. S. Vogt and family are spending this month at the seashore, Bass Rocks, Gloucester, Mass.

Mrs. M. M. Snider, of Cadillac, Mich., is visiting her sister, Mrs. Sam Hughes, of 1111 College Street.

The stork has visited Mr. and Mrs. Arthur A. Wilson, of Fort William, and left a fine boy.

The following guests are registered at the Bellevue Hotel, Lake Temiskaming: Mr. F. I. Daniels, Cobalt; Mr. S. P. Johnson, Ottawa; Mr. William Gillespie, Ottawa; Mr. Harold Osmond, Ottawa; Mr. J. Rodd, Ottawa; Mr. J. Kinsella, North Bay; Mr. C. A. E. Blanchette, Ottawa; Mr. R. G. Code, Ottawa; Mr. A. St. Pierre, Hull, Que.; Mr. Geo. Landon, Elk Lake; Mr. Geo. Blood, Salt Lake City; Mr. M. Argue, Ottawa; Mr. G. M. Brooks, Beauchene; Mr. W. J. Jones, Martineau Bay; Mr. T. S. Kirby, Ottawa; Mr. C. A. Parker, Ottawa; Mr. T. Larmouth, Ottawa; Miss Smith, Haileybury; Miss Ross, Mattawa; Mrs. A. Smith, Haileybury; Mr. A. Laidlaw, Haileybury; Mr. B. Buck, Mattawa; Mr. F. A. Payne, N.Y.; Mr. D. A. Mooney, Mattawa; Mrs. F. E. Dockerill, Trail, B.C.; Mr. Geo. McKeown, Perth; Mr. E. W. Smith, Perth; Mr. J. A. Larochelle, manager, Temiskaming Navigation Co.; Miss Baldwin, Ottawa; Miss Brading, North Bay; Dr. R. S. Mennis, Mrs. D. Mennis, and Master R. C. Mennis, Ottawa; Rev. Father Murphy, Ottawa; Rev. Father Legault, Ottawa; Mr. G. H. Foreman, Toronto; Mrs. M. James, Mattawa; Dr. E. Bedard, Mrs. Bedard, Marie Bedard, Estelle Bedard, and Mr. Gus Bedard, Pembroke; Mr. and Mrs. J. Robilliard, Ottawa; Mr. J. B. A. Pegeon and wife, Vonfield; Mr. J. O'Brien, Winnipeg; Mrs. E. Sims, Ottawa; Mr. C. C. Norris, Toronto; Mr. A. J. Prince, Montreal River; Miss Alma Noble, Haileybury; Mr. A. Jones, Kippewa; Miss Louise Currie, Toronto; Miss J. B. Griffin, Toronto; Mr. E. S. Frisbie and wife, Toronto; Mr. J. A. Rheaume, Montreal; Mr. J. Murray, Montreal; Mr. J. B. Belanger, Mattawa; Mr. A. J. Matthison, Ottawa; Mr. Thos. McCable, Montreal; Miss K. O'Meara and Miss N. C. O'Meara, London; Miss T. McDonell, London; Mr. A. Stewart, Mattawa; Mr. and Mrs. Coutlee, Mattawa; Mr. G. H. Bothwell, Ottawa; Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Cummings, and Miss Jean Cummings, Toronto; Mr. W. Laurie, Montreal; Miss M. Sanderson, Toronto; Mr. C. Slater, Montreal; Mr. A. E. Way, Haileybury; Miss Margaret Richards, Norway Bay; Mr. W. McMullen, New York.

Mr. C. Penruddock Band has returned from Southampton, where he spent some time with his family, who are the guests of Mrs. Fred Bursit at her cottage. Mr. Band and Mr. Sidney Band are *en pension* at Mrs. Mead's, Centre Island.

Stopping at the Royal Muskoka Hotel this week are Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Fleischmann, Mr. A. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Carley, Master A. B. Carley, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Cragg, Mr. F. Minshall, Mr. Harry Wilson, Mr. H. Steacy, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Carrick, Miss Marguerite Carrick, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Morrow, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Maclean, Mr. D. D. Mann, Mr. Wm. Turner, Mr. C. G. McLeod, Mr. E. Blake Lister, Mr. A. E. Kemp, and Mr. H. C. Small.

The holiday was a very pleasant one at Chautauqua Park, Niagara-on-the-Lake, beginning with a concert on Saturday night at the "Hotel Strathcona," which was arranged by Mrs. Ramsay, who acted as accompanist in her usual efficient manner. Those taking part were: Mrs. Minnehan, leading contralto of Buffalo, whose rich voice and artistic interpretation were a delight. Mr. Crane, of the Savage Opera Company, made a hit with his songs as usual, encores being numerous, while Mr. J. Rawsthorne Slack, of Toronto, in his patriotic songs was enthusiastically received, as was also Miss Levy, a Toronto young lady who will be heard from in the future. A pleasing variation was the whistling of Miss Vera Collins, who promises to be another Anna Shaw. Miss Ramsay gave a bright piano solo, and Master Levy a comic recitation. The chairman, Mr. MacKienan, with an amusing monologue brought to a close a most delightful and well appreciated programme. Dancing was then the order of the evening, and a jolly time was spent. On Monday a tennis tournament was arranged by Mr. Leslie Cockburn and Mr. Joe Grove. The scoring showed some good amateur work. In the evening hay-racks, filled with hilarious children and adults, enjoyed a ride around this beautiful country well called the "Garden of Canada," and returned to the "Strathcona," where refreshments were served; a "barn dance" followed, to the inspiring music of Mrs. Ramsay, and a jollier, happier crowd of people would be hard to find. Some of those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Collins, Mrs. and Miss Kinney, Mr. and Mrs. Heron, Mrs. and Miss O'Brien, Mr. and Mrs. Levy, Mr. and Mrs. Johnston, Mr. MacKienan, Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Janes, Mrs. Colin A. Cockburn, Mr. and Mrs. Goldsmith, Mrs. C. C. Huestis, Mrs. and Miss Sweeney, the Misses Minnehan, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Cockburn, Mr. and Mrs. Sturrock, Mr. and Mrs. Hall, Misses Asbury, Mrs. J. B. Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. C. Rice, Mr. Leonard, Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Benness, Mr. and Mrs. C. Mitchell, the Misses Leonard, Mr. Frank Leonard, Mr. and Mrs. Bell Miss Smith, Miss Drainan. Miss Freeman, Misses Collins, Misses Dora and Dale Self, Miss K. Grove, Misses Clark, Mr. Hunter, Leslie Cockburn, Joe Grove, Clinton Brown, Frank Kerr, Arthur Smoke, J. D. Marsh, H. G. and G. B. Buckland and children galore.

Mrs. Evan Goodfellow, who has been spending the past two months with her mother, Mrs. C. J. Thorley, Major Street, left for Vancouver on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Bliss, of New York, with their guest, Mr. W. H. O'Reilly, of Dublin, put up at the R. C. Y. C. a few days ago in their 48 foot 50 horse power motor boat, "Emerald." The boat came up the Hudson River to Albany, through the Erie canal, across to the Welland canal, thence via Niagara to Toronto. The cruise will include stops at Cobourg and other lake ports to Kingston, then via Rideau canal to Ottawa, Montreal via river and canal, on to Sorel, returning to New York by way of Lake Champlain. The journey will cover over 2,000 miles of fresh water.

The President of the Ontario Jockey Club, Mr. Jos. E. Seagram, suffered a great loss on August the fourth, when his wife, who was with a party of friends at "Hotel Ottawa," Cushing's Island, Portland, Maine, died most unexpectedly from an attack of heart failure. The remains were taken to Waterloo, the family home, and the interment was in the Waterloo cemetery. The late Mrs. Seagram was about 63 years of age, and for many years had been an active worker in the Anglican Church, and was also identified with much philanthropic work. One daughter, Mrs. G. H. Bowlley, Berlin, survives her; and four sons, Mr. Ed. F. and Jos. H. Seagram, of Waterloo; Normal, of Buchanan & Seagram, Toronto, and Thomas, of the Bank of Montreal at Hamilton.

Mrs. Richard Grahame is spending a few weeks with her son, the Hon. Laurence Hill Grahame, of Porto Rico, at his island Kiluna, on Stoney Lake.

Capt. J. S. and Mrs. Muckle, of Philadelphia, are guests at the Manoir Richelieu. Capt. Muckle is president of the Pennsylvania branch of the Red Cross Society, and inspector of the county prisons. Miss G. Van Felson of Quebec, is Captain and Mrs. Muckle's guest at the Manoir.

Advance Display of Women's Fall Suits

MANY ATTRACTIVE FEATURES FOR AUTUMN, 1909. Already our Dress and Suit Section has acquired the appearance of a fashion display of a new season's styles. Every day has heralded the arrival of detachments from the world of fashion, till now we've ready a most comprehensive showing—that will exemplify the style perhaps as well and correctly as any that will follow.

The beautiful model we illustrate emphasizes many new style features—the long coat (50 inches), the clinging close-fitting design, skirts have ample fullness, afforded through pleats in various adaptations. Notice the style of trimming and pointed effect, that promises to become quite popular.

This is but one of the individual models from Paris, some from New York, Berlin, London and other centres—the variety of individual styles is the feature of this display—a variety that includes models at prices $40.00 to $100.00.

MATERIALS are wide wail Cheviots, plain and shadow Prunella, fine worsteds, fine and heavy serges, homespun, heather mixtures, self stripe serges and worsteds, hairlines, Bedfords, silk and wool Repps, satin soleils, silk and wool Traverses, plain and striped broadcloth.

COLORS predominating are, the new tige green, Egyptian bronze, mustard, sea weed, copper, lavender, grey, reseda, olive, mullein, fawn, electric, cedar, prune, mahogany, coal dust, castor and tans, with plain and intermediate shades of blue, brown and green. Each style and price has its proportion of black..

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J. D. McDONALD, D. P. A., G. T. Ry., Toronto

Naval Scandals in France.

THE report of the parliamentary commission which investigated the naval scandals in France has been turned in. It is a scathing condemnation of the naval administration for the last ten years, and it makes an astounding exposure of the deplorable condition of the fleet for which France has spent $700,000,000 since 1899. The 350 pages of the report are filled with details of the inefficiency resulting from confusion and red tape, conditions that make French naval construction cost 25 per cent. more than English or German. As an evidence of these methods it is pointed out that cast-iron shells of large calibre condemned after the accident to the battleship Iona continued to be manufactured in larger quantities than ever for two whole years. The Patrie, the Republique, and other ships of this class were found equipped with secondary guns of a model of 1885, instead of 1902, as the specifications required. Neither the ammunition nor the guns for the six ships of the Danton type, to be completed in 1911, will be ready before 1914, and France has not a single drydock capable of accommodating these vessels when they are finished.

The German colonial secretary, Herr Dernburg, was a clerk in a Wall street office in New York when he was a young man, and soon after his arrival in America. His employer refused to raise his wages when requested and young Dernburg went back to his native land. His success is due to his ability and energy.

General Theodore A. Bingham, removed as police commissioner in New York by Mayor McClellan, used to be majordomo at the White House, and lost a leg in an accident on the Buffalo breakwater where he was army engineer in charge.

THE RAINBOW CAMELLIA

By FERGUS HUME

COUNTRY solicitors have fewer opportunities than their urban brethren of handling exceptional cases. The friction of metropolitan life develops numbers strange episodes, which are rarer occurrence in provincial towns. Human nature is no doubt the same in country as in town; but the lack of a concentrated population, demanding less ingenuity on the part of the criminal, reduces the level of crime. Moreover, bucolic wits are not so keen as those sharpened by the asperities of London life. Agrarian wrong-doers are usually common-place rogues, who sin in a crude fashion unworthy of notice. Crime, which in the Capital is a fine art, is in the country commonly the result of a childish outburst of temper. These remarks apply peculiarly to the inhabitants of inland market towns, and to the rural population of their intervening pasturelands.

Yet, at times, a case not easily to be paralleled, even in the Metropolis, comes under the notice of a country solicitor. Such a one is that of the Rainbow Camellia, which is, to my mind, unique in the annals of crime. It was simply a case of theft, but sufficiently noticeable for the skilful way in which it was planned and executed. My first intimation of the affair came from my wife, who one morning entered the breakfast-room with a face expressive of consternation.

"Fred," said she, in an awestruck tone, "do you remember Eliza Drupp the housemaid who left six months ago?"

"Was that the red-haired minx who smashed our best dinner-service, and who carried a bottle of diamond cement in her pocket to mend breakages?"

"Yes. she has been arrested."

"I'm not surprised. Whose dinner-service is it this time?"

"Don't jest, Fred. I am very sorry for the poor girl, though she has been stealing. Cook told me all about it. She is so excited."

"Who is excited, cook or Eliza?"

"Cook, of course."

"Then the dinner won't be fit to eat. I wish the cook would gossip less, and attend more to her stewing and frying. Give me my breakfast, Nell; I must be off early this morning. "Well," I added, as my wife poured out the coffee, "and what has Eliza Drupp been stealing?"

"The rainbow camellia."

"What, the whole plant?"

"No, only a bud. She went into the Gardens yesterday and picked it."

"Audacious creature, she'll get six months for that. Old Bendel is on the Bench, and as he is a prominent member of the Horticultural Society, Eliza need expect no mercy."

"I don't know what possessed her to do such a thing," said Nell reflectively; and the worst of it is, that George Beanfield gave information about the theft."

"Who is George Beanfield, and why shouldn't he give information?"

"Because he kept company with her. It is a piece of spite on his part to punish Eliza for taking up with the greengrocer."

"I congratulate you on your knowledge of kitchen gossip, Nell. But you have not answered my question. Who is George Beanfield?"

"A gardener in the service of the Horticultural Society. I suppose he will be the principal witness against poor Eliza. How can a man be so mean!"

"A man scorned is as dangerous as a woman scorned, my dear, Eliza should not have 'walked out' with the greengrocer. By the way, was George the man who used to hide in the coal-cellar?"

"No, that was a soldier."

"Oh, then he was the Gargantua who devoured all the cold meat."

"Don't talk nonsense, Fred. Go to your office, and if you hear anything of the case, tell me when you come home. I am so sorry for poor Eliza."

This was very charitable on the part of Nell. So far as I could remember Eliza Drupp had been a sore trial, and I had frequently heard my wife express a hope that the Drupp sins would come home to the Drupp sinner. Now that they had come in the most satisfactory manner, she regretted the accomplishment of her wishes, and pitied the recreant Eliza. I did not. It was impossible to pity a girl who had cost me over twenty pounds in breakages.

When I reached my office I received a message from Eliza, requesting me to step round to her cell, and discuss the matter. As fish did not come to my net in sufficient quantities to make me despise even such small fry as Eliza, I accepted the invitation, and speedily found myself in the presence of my former housemaid. She was to be brought before Bendel that very morning, so there was no time to be lost in learning what defence she proposed to make.

To judge of the heinousness of Eliza's offence, it is necessary to state that the Horticultural Society of Foxton is the sole owner of the famous rainbow camellia. That unique plant had been brought from China many years ago by a vagrant Foxtonian, and it was the only one in existence on this side of the world. The Foxton Society prided itself on the possession of this rarity, the more so as such possession excited the envy of all rival societies. Of these many had attempted to beg, borrow, buy, or steal slips of the plant in order to raise rainbow camellias on their own account; but hitherto not one had secured even a single bud. It was reserved for Eliza to commit the crime.

The blossom was streaked with the seven colors of the rainbow—hence its name—and as a further priceless qualification it emitted a distinct odor. Now as, with this exception, a scented camellia is absolutely unknown, it was only natural that the Foxton horticulturists should set a high value on their ownership. If Eliza Drupp had stolen the Crown jewels the theft would have been a mere venial transgression; but that she should cull a single bud of the rainbow camellia placed her beyond the pale of ordinary sinners.

Eliza was tearful but voluble. She had been born within sound of Bow Bells, and talked with strong cockney accent, which became very marked with increasing agitation. How this child of the London pavement had drifted to Foxton I do not know, but she had served as housemaid in various houses for the last four years, and was accustomed when out of a situation, which happened frequently on account of her destructive propensities, to visit her parents at Hackney. Her town graces and brazen good looks attracted many admiring swains. The vengeful George was one of these, but Eliza had jilted him in favor of the more opulent greengrocer. Nemesis in the person of the deserted gardener was now punishing her for such perfidy.

"'Ow 'e's treated me shaimful," said the tearful Eliza; "jest 'cause I wouldn't taike 'im 'e shows me up loike this."

"If you play with fire, Eliza, you burn your fingers as a natural consequence. But this is not the point. Have you any defence to this charge?"

"I should soigh so, sir. 'Tain't trew es I stole thet measly kemmelliar. Whoy, it was my own."

"Come now, that's nonsense. The Foxton rainbow camellia is the only one of its kind in England."

"'Tain't the only one in the world anyhow, sir," retorted Eliza, with some heat. "I hev a rinebow kemmelliar et 'Ackney. If you don't b'lii've me jest send up to my father an' see."

"Do you mean to say that you possess a plant of the same species?" I asked, rather astonished at this information.

"'Course I do, sir. My brother 'e's a steward 'e is; 'e goes to Chiner on the Three Star Loine, sir. 'E browght it to me fower years ago from furren parts 'e did."

"And the flower you wore was off your own bush?"

"Yuss. I kim 'ere yesterdaiy from 'Ackney, an' I browght it with me jest to see if moine was loike this 'un 'ere."

"Did you wear it when you entered the Gardens?"

"No, sir, I 'ed it in a paiper beg, an' when I was in the green 'ouse I takes it hout. When I sawr it wure the saime, I pins it in moy dress. Then that bloomin' gonoph collared me. D'ye see, sir?"

"I see, but how is it that a blossom is missing from the tree?"

"I don'no, sir. 'Tworn't me as took it, sir. You jist telegrarf to moy father at 'Ackney an' arsk 'im to bring down moy kemmelliar, sir."

"Yes, I'll do that, but as he cannot be down in time for the case to-day, I'll ask for a remand, so that I may ascertain the truth of your story."

"Thenk 'ee, sir. Em I to staiy 'ere, sir?"

"I hope not. I will be security for your bail myself."

"This is 'ensome on yer, sir. An' if yer sees thet there George Beanfield, sir, jist tell 'im as 'ow I'll scretch 'is eyes of 'is 'ed."

There was no necessity for me to deliver this agreeable message. She did so herself when brought before the magistrate. Beanfield seemed to appreciate the situation, and to congratulate himself that Eliza was restrained from violence by two stout policemen. As long as possible he remained modestly in the background, and it was with manifest reluctance that he came forward when called upon to enter the witness-box. The lady in the dock glared at him with a mixture of scorn and rage; and again proclaimed her determination to "scretch" 'is eyes out."

The court was filled with infuriated members of the Horticultural Society, who wished Eliza to be forthwith hanged and quartered. It was commonly reported that my client had not only picked the flower, but had also stolen a slip of the plant, which she designed to sell to a rival society. Believing that Eliza thus intended to rob Foxton of the glory of solely possessing the rainbow camellia, the horticulturists thought no punishment too severe for so abandoned a creature. I applied for a remand, which old Bendel (who was a rabid member of the society) was disposed to refuse. I pointed out that, in the interests of justice, the prisoner should be granted sufficient time to communicate with her friends, and prove herself innocent of the charge. Bendel did not believe she had a defence, and said as much, but after considerable argument I managed to obtain an adjournment for three days. In the matter of bail I was unsuccessful, as the magistrate declined to allow Eliza to be at large until the matter had been legally threshed out. He was supported in this decision by his angered *confreres,* who had already judged and condemned the delinquent housemaid. The ultimate outcome of my application was the removal of Eliza to her former captivity.

When instructing the parental Drupp by letter as to the misfortune which had befallen his daughter, I suggested that, to clear her character, he should forthwith bring with him to Foxton the Hackney camellia. As to the existence of this plant I had my doubts, expecting that Eliza had mistaken the variegated scentless camellia for the unique plant of Foxton. But the bush brought by Drupp proved to be of the same genus. It was streaked with seven colors, it was scented, and, as a proof that Eliza was innocent, it still bore the stem whence the bud, alleged to have been stolen from the Foxton greenhouse, had been reft. Her story thus proved to be true, but I thought it strange that, at such a juncture, a blossom should also be missing from our local plant.

"Moy daughter growed this 'ere," explained Drupp, who was quite as cockney in speech as Eliza; "et was browght from Chiner by moy son Sam, es is a stewart on the Mendeloy. tike a flower t' Foxton an' see if thet tike a flower t' Foxton an' see it thet kemmelliar es th' saime es moine.' Which she did, an' now thi've put 'er in quod. Oi 'ops, sir, es 'ow thi'll let 'er orf."

With so clear a defence I thought it extremely probable that they would let her off; but as old Bendel was on the Bench I knew the fight would be a tough one. Had Eliza worn the bud when she entered the Gardens her innocence would have been proved beyond all doubt. Still, as the matter stood, I had every hope of clearing her character.

When liza was again placed in the dock the court was even more crowded than on the former occasion. A rumor had originated—I know not how—that a plant similar to that owned by the society would be put in evidence by the defence. As in duty bound no horticulturist believed this fable. As well say there were two Queens of England, as two rainbow camellias. The Foxton plant was displayed in all its glory, and lost in admiration the onlookers exclaimed that there was none like unto it. This biblical exclamation is suitable to the scene, for the plant might have been the golden image of Nebuchadnezzar, so abjectly did its worshippers grovel before it. The mere sight of the missing bud roused them to wrathful denunciations against its ravisher.

When brought before the magistrate, Eliza wept loudly; but on the appearance of George in the witness-box she recovered her spirits, and called him names. Then she again relapsed into tears, and sniffed provokingly during the subsequent proceedings.

Beanfield deposed that Eliza was not wearing the flower when she entered the Gardens, but he admitted that she had carried a paper bag. He had exchanged no words with her, as they were not on friendly terms, but he declared that she had made a face at him, and had derisively put out her tongue. When he saw her again, the bud—produced in court—was fastened in the bosom of her dress. He at once inspected the rainbow camellia, and found a blossom missing, upon which evidence he had given Eliza in charge for theft.

Another gardener proved that no buds were wanting when he saw the plant half an hour before Eliza's visit. He was followed by the President of the Horticultural Society, who stated that outside China, to which the species was indigenous, there was no rainbow camellia in existence. The bud produced in court could only have been taken from the Foxton greenhouse. His assertion of the uniqueness of the plant was received with great applause by his fellow-horticulturists.

Their jaws dropped when old Drupp brought forward Eliza's specimen. At first they insisted that the petals were painted, but when by direction of old Bendel the plant was handed round, and handled and smelt, and thoroughly examined, they were reluctantly compelled to admit that it was a genuine rainbow camellia. The admission almost drew tears from their eves, and they mourned Ichabod! Ichabod! The two plants placed on either side of the magistrates appeared to closely resemble one another, save that Eliza's was the smaller of the two. I forgot to mention that the Hackney plant had eight buds while the Foxton plant showed twelve. As a blossom had been plucked from each, these were respectively reduced to seven and eleven.

Drupp's evidence in conjunction with the production of the plant turned the scale in favor of Eliza. It was all plain sailing when he opened his mouth. The plant belonged to his daughter; it had been brought from China by her brother the steward; under her care it had grown and flowered; and she had plucked a bud to compare with the blooms of the Foxton bush. No link was wanting in the chain of evidence to prove the innocence of the prisoner, and Bendel was reluctantly compelled to discharge her without a stain on her character. I say reluctantly, because he could not forgive Eliza for owning a duplicate of the Foxton fetich, and, taking every possible advantage, he delivered a smart lecture to its iniquitous possessor. There was no applause when Eliza left the dock.

Restored to freedom, she sought George Beanfield; but he, mindful of her threat, had departed long since. He left the town, he even left the country, for a letter addressed from the continent was received by the president of the society, which cleared up the mystery of the missing Foxton bud. George stated that in attending to the plant he had accidentally knocked off a blossom and, fearful of a reprimand, had burnt it in the greenhouse fire. The appearance of Eliza with a similar bud to that destroyed had afforded him an opportunity of hiding his delinquency by making her the scapegoat. He did not offer any opinion as to how he thought Eliza had become possessed of the blossom when the one missing from the bush had been destroyed by himself.

Thus was the innocence of Eliza proved beyond all doubt, and, angered by the unjust aspersions cast on her, she proceeded forthwith to turn the tables on her accusers. The morning following her acquittal she appeared in my office with a wrathful countenance.

"Now, sir," said she viciously, "I'm agowin' to hev a action agin thim Gardins fur lockin' me up."

But the action never came off. The society knowing it had no defence, owned that it was in the wrong, and offered to compromise. Moreover, they feared lest Eliza should sell her plant to a rival society, and thus rob Foxton of the glory of solely possessing the rainbow camellia. After some correspondence, they agreed to settle the action for five hundred pounds, provided Eliza gave them her plant. This she did, and having received her damages, and paid my fees, she disappeared from Foxton.

A month afterward my wife again brought up the subject of Eliza Drupp. As usual, the cook was her informant.

"Fred," said she; "Eliza Drupp?"

"Well, what has she been doing now? Stolen another camellia?"

"No. She has married George Beanfield."

"The fellow who gave evidence against her? Impossible."

"It is true. Cook has this morning received a piece of the wedding cake."

"Well, all I can say is, that Eliza is of a most forgiving disposition."

"I have no patience with her," replied my wife. "But I think she is ashamed to return to Foxton. She and George have gone to South America."

"A very sensible step to take," said I, weary of the subject. "They can set up on the proceeds of the trial. At all events we have heard the last of Eliza Drupp."

The remark was premature, for in less than twelve months I was again discussing Eliza, and learning the reason of her eccentric behavior.

It was on board the Mandalay that I heard the truth concerning the matrimonial alliance of our former housemaid. I was ordered to take a sea voyage for the benefit of my

(*Concluded on Page* 20.)

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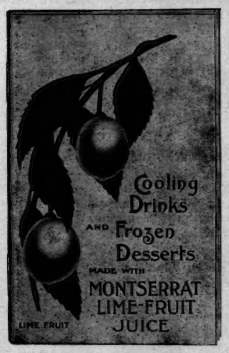

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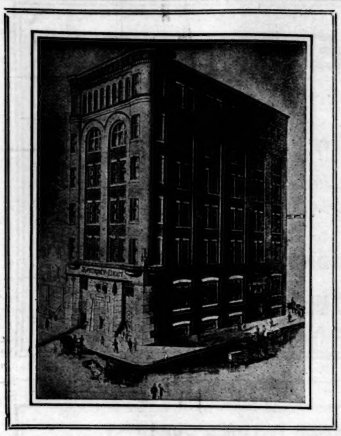

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

SATURDAY NIGHT, LIMITED, Proprietors.

FREDERICK PAUL, Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT is a twenty-page illustrated paper, published weekly and devoted to its readers. It aims to be a wholesome paper for healthy people.

OFFICE: SATURDAY NIGHT BUILDING, Adelaide Street West, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

Telephone {Private Branch Exchange connects with all Departments.} Main {6640 6641}

EASTERN BRANCH OFFICE:
Board of Trade Building, (Tel. Main 285) MONTREAL.

"TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT" is on sale in England at the principal news stands in London, Manchester, Liverpool and Southampton, controlled by W. H. Smith & Son, and Wyman & Co., News Vendors.

Subscriptions to points in Canada, United Kingdom, Newfoundland, New Zealand and certain other British possessions will be received on the following terms:

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Entered as second-class matter March 6th, 1908, at the post office at Buffalo, N. Y., under the Act of Congress of March 3rd 1879.

Advertisements—Advertising rates furnished on application. No advertisements but those of a reputable character will be inserted.

Vol. 22. Toronto, Canada, August 14, 1909. No. 44.

Points About People

A Chef's Repentance.

MR. ARTHUR HAWKES, of the Canadian Northern Railway, had an experience a few weeks ago which, while exasperating, had an amusing aspect. He was escorting a party of Michigan editors on a trip to Edmonton, and had secured for them a special dining car. The chef usually attached to the car was off duty, and Mr. Pratt, superintendent at Winnipeg of the dining car service, had assigned an Englishman to the task. To Mr. Hawkes' disgust, the man was incapably intoxicated for part of the trip, but braced up and showed himself an efficient servant at the end. Just before reaching Winnipeg on the return trip, the Englishman deferentially slipped a note into Mr. Hawkes' hand. It read:

"Dear Mr. Hawkes: I am guilty. I have no excuses to offer. But please do not tell Mr. Pratt, as I do not want to hurt his feelings."

Only Exercise.

LIKE every other editor in a big city, W. H. Greenwood, of The Toronto World, is constantly hearing the applications of young men who are anxious to break into the newspaper business. His invariable reply to such applicants is in the form of a question:

"What have you done?"

The visitor has, more frequently than not, done very little but live on the bounty of his parents, and hesitatingly says so.

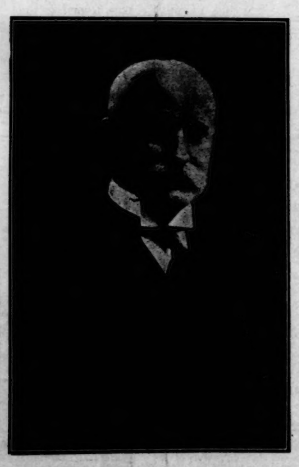
"Go and do something. Go around the world. Go west as a farm-hand for a year. Get a job as a waiter. Join a circus. Beat your way for a little while and find out about the world. Then come back to me and I'll give you a job."

And in this connection he tells a little story of a University student whom he met on one of the C.P.R. boats on the lakes. The student was seeing the world as a waiter, and Mr. Greenwood happened to dine at his table. When the meal was over the newspaperman laid some silver down on the table and remarked:

"Here's something to pay for the wear and tear, my boy."

To his surprise the lad handed back the money.

"It isn't wear and tear, sir," he said; "it's only exercise."



Nelson Wilmarth Aldrich, "General Manager of the United States." The man who managed, in spite of the protests of press and people, to engineer through Congress a high tariff bill.

"Let Them Send Out for Their Lunch."

ONE of the ironclad rules of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's office is that all deputations must be arranged for in advance, and that they shall be as brief as possible in the presentation of their demands. Most delegations accept the rule, recognizing that the time of the Premier and of his colleagues is valuable, especially during a session of Parliament: but there are exceptions, and some delegations manifest a most careful contempt for the value of the Premier's time. One such case developed not long ago, when a deputation from one of the Maritime Provinces went to Ottawa to intercede with the Government for some public improvement which was considered of vital importance to its seaport city. It was headed by a chairman, whom we will call Johnston. This particular "Mistah Johnston" is a strong Liberal, but he has the idea that his position as president of the Board of Trade puts him above politics. When he and his co-delegates reached the Premier's office, they were met by an M.P. who had the Premier's ear, and were told that they must be brief, that there could not be more than three spokesmen, and that the whole interview must not occupy more than an hour, because the Ministers had to go into Council and that they had to have lunch before the Cabinet met.

Mr. Johnston did not consider that this arrangement would give his deputation time enough to ventilate its demands, and protested that he must have at least two hours with the Ministers, for the Premier was to be accompanied by two of his colleagues. The M.P. ventured to again trot out the argument that the Premier and his colleagues must eat, whereupon "the" Johnston replied: "Oh, if we are not through, let them send out for their lunch and eat it while we are talking, and I'll pay for it!" The M.P. was staggered at this exhibition of "lese majeste": but in the end the Board of Trade man had his way, and the Ministers heard him through. But they didn't send out for their lunch and eat it in the Premier's office. They went without. And now, when Mr. Johnston arrives in Ottawa he is given an hour for his interview, which is placed a long time between meals.

A Joke on Larry Piper.

THE members of the Winnipeg baseball team recently put up a little game on Larry Piper, the Toronto boy who has made such a signal success in the professional ranks in the West, and is now acting-manager of the Winnipeg Maroons. The team were playing at Brandon last week. Some of the members of the team tried to get advance-pay, but failed to raise the coin. Larry saw no more of his team-mates that evening, but about midnight he got a frantic telephone message saying seven of the Maroons were locked up in the police station on a charge of disorderly conduct. As the train for Moose Jaw, where the team next played, left at 2.30 a.m., Larry tore for the station post-haste.

After vigorous argument with the chief of police the members were finally released, but Larry had to put up $25 of his good coin as bail. The team left on the 2.30. Now it turns out that it was all a little joke framed up between the Brandon Chief of Police and the Winnipeg players. Larry's $25 was mailed to him at Moose Jaw.

Looked Like a Canadian.

IN a police court in Old London the other day a detective gave evidence against a band of confidence men, and told the magistrate that their leader first approached a man at Waterloo station who "had the appearance of a Canadian." He did not enlighten the court as to what a Canadian appearance was; but the incident recalls one which took place in London last year, when a bevy of girls was sent over as part of an advertising scheme for a Montreal newspaper. One of the girls got lost in the British Museum or some place of that kind, and was compelled to ask the good offices of a "bobby." She told him of her plight and asked to be directed to the private hotel at which the party was staying, adding the chance remark that she was a visitor from Canada and did not know her way about. The "copper" surprised her very much by retorting:

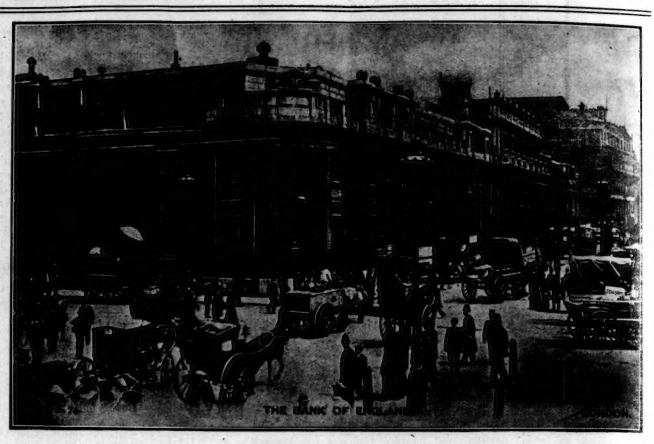
"Ho, Miss, yer needn't 'ave told me. I knew you was a Canadian the moment I clapped my h'eyes h'on yer!" And the girl from Glengarry has always wanted to know how the constable knew. Can it be that there is really a "Canadian appearance" and that the London police have got us classified? It is an interesting point. Perhaps Doctor Colquhoun, who is just back from a trip to the "Big Smoke," could solve the riddle: "What is the Canadian appearance?"

The Professor as a Proofreader.

THE lamented death of Mr. J. F. Whiteaves, the assistant director of the Geological Survey of Canada in Ottawa on Sunday last, has elicited many an interesting anecdote of this really remarkable man. One of the best of them is told of a time when, years ago, he had charge of the old museum on Sussex street. An Ottawa newspaper had been given the tip that there was a news item down at the museum, and one of the "cubs" was sent across the canal to "get the item." He came back with his "story," and the copy was turned in. Later on in the day, Mr. Whiteaves, who was conscientious in even small things, called in at the newspaper office on his way to lunch and asked if he could see the proof of the item. The reporter, who did not know much about natural history, had written down that among the new acquisitions of the museum was a "red-crested deer." Now, there is no such thing as a red-crested deer; but there is a red-crested moose; and so Mr. Whiteaves changed the matter in proof. But what was his horror, when taking up the newspaper later on in the day, to find that among the recent additions to the museum was a "red-crested mouse." He then and there gave up all idea of becoming a proofreader. His handwriting was too scientific. And a further part of the joke is that the "cub reporter" of those days is now not only an M.P., but very high in the counsels of his party.

George Barr McCutcheon, the novelist, is a brother of John T. McCutcheon, the cartoonist; or, other way about, if you prefer it that way.

George Hibbard, who writes short stories, and David Gray, who does likewise, are both lawyers in Buffalo.



"The Old Lady of Threadneedle Street"

By W. A. SIMS

READERS of English illustrated publications must have noticed the somewhat striking figure of an old lady, frequently to be found in them, generally in connection with themes of a social or political character. She is attired in a shabby poke bonnet, a shawl, and a gown —*tres bouffant*—the pattern of which is made up of repetitions of £-s-d marks. In her hand is an old, but well-filled stocking, which she grasps with great energy, while the expression of her face is calculated to discourage any one not entirely desperate, from asking her for a loan. This is the idealization of the famous "Old Lady of Threadneedle Street"—the Bank of England.

The "Old Lady's" establishment is vastly interesting. She was born nearly two hundred and twenty years ago—to be exact, the charter was obtained on July 27, 1694. Taking care of her "little bit of money" has naturally somewhat soured her temper, therefore, in all these years. Her home is a one story—or almost entirely one story, stone building, opposite the Mansion House, the official residence of the Lord Mayor (also opposite the London branch of the Canadian Bank of Commerce), and flanked by the Royal Exchange. It covers about three-and-a-half acres, and on its site formerly stood two churches—St. Bartholomew and St. Christopher-le-Stock. They both appertained to very small parishes; in fact, the present bank premises cover practically the whole of the land forming the latter parish. Some four, more or less famous architects, were concerned in the erection of the buildings, the best known, perhaps, being Taylor and Adams. There are now no windows on the street side of the building, the light being obtained from courts within. It has been said this arose from the fact that in times of public dissatisfaction, it was considered a proper way of showing discontent with the "powers that were," to go down and break the windows of the Bank of England.

The site is enormously valuable; it would be almost necessary to cover it with sovereigns touching one another, it is said, to approximate what it would bring if offered for sale. The building is not very valuable, and has few distinguishing architectural features, the small colonnades at the corners being the only very noticeable portions. In them the volutes of the Ionic columns have been dealt with in a manner that has been much admired by critics. The writer remembers an official of the U.S. Government, to whom he pointed out the building, regretting the criminal waste which permitted the most valuable site in London to be occupied by a one-story structure—"It ought to be thirty stories at the very least, to be good business," he contended.

All 'busses and "tubes" lead to the Bank. Kipling's East-regretting soldiers sighed because "there ain't no 'busses running from the Bank to Mandalay." It is the heart of London—perhaps of England, in a commercial sense, for from one office there alone stock dividends are paid on a thousand millions of pounds sterling of capital —$5,000,000,000, say, in round numbers.

There is an entrance on each of the street faces. On guard there is a gate-keeper, arrayed in a magnificent "coat of many colors," which would be as hard to particularize as the trimming of a fashionable lady's "peach basket hat." There was one of these gate-keepers who had a beautiful tailless Manx cat, a few years ago, which used to take the air and sun himself in the gateway. Here he was universally noticed and caressed by the financial "big-wigs" business brought to the Bank, and in his time he enjoyed an acquaintance amongst the greatest luminaries of the world of finance, that would have been the envy of half the "merchants on 'Change." It is said that at one time there was a cat regularly on the staff of the Bank, with a "salary" or allowance for his keep. I supposed, always, when I thought about him, that he must be retained to prevent the depredations of some of the "church mice" that survived in holes and corners, from the two deleted church buildings already spoken of. At present there are no cats in the building save interlopers. Their presence is accounted for by the fact that the Bank is bound by agreement never to build or encroach on the churchyard of St. Christopher. It therefore has been nicely planted with shrubs, flowers and even quite large trees. A stray feline, therefore—London cats are as "cheeky" as London street arabs, having forced his way past one of the gate-keepers, finds the garden in question a pleasant place for rest and meditation.

The Bank of England notes are printed on the premises, in the only two-story portion of the building, as are also all the postal orders used in Great Britain, and the rupee notes for the Indian Government. It gives one a very strong realization of the vast interests of the British Empire when one sees the enormous number of these rupee notes, and the various languages they are printed in. Some of them look like a page covered with badly written "Pitman's Shorthand" only—"more so." However, as they are as good as gold, they are all right. The presses are run by an electric motor at each one, in modern style. About 600,000 postal orders are printed each day—which is about the usual consumption of the country; and about $5,000,000 of notes. Since the Old Age pensions came into force the books of weekly pension warrants are also printed here. The paper for all documents is made by a firm that manufactures for no one else, and the works have been generations in the hands of the same family, it is said. The paper is all counted by hand, each sheet, before passing to the press room. That for the notes is made by hand, in sheets about sixteen inches by five. This makes just two notes. They are printed together, then cut, and it is this that accounts for the three "hand made" edges and one smooth edge on all notes. The machines are cased in strong iron wire nettings on the sides not under the eye of the inspector. All paper delivered to the machine men has to be produced and accounted for, spoilt or not. About $350,000 worth of notes is a day's work for each machine, and about a million pounds a day are manufactured. No note is ever issued from the Bank twice. Any note that is paid in has the signatures torn off; it is then stored for five years, and then burnt in a specially constructed furnace.

The Bank fittings and furniture are scarcely neat, certainly not gaudy. Several of the Toronto banks are luxurious in that respect compared with the "Old Lady." The court room, or what we should call the board room, is, however, a noble apartment. It was designed by Adams, and is a fine example of his style, the doorways especially. It is ornamented by large panels of wedgwood ware of fine design—by Flaxman apparently. The committee room adjoins. It is in the court room that is fixed the "rate of discount" as the attendant informs visitors in an awed whisper, the fateful rate that often means profit or disaster to the commercial world, and determines the flow of bullion into, or its export from England. The court consists of 24 members, and a governor and deputy-governor. They meet once a week, though some of the directors generally attend every day. In a room adjoining the court room is a portrait of the famous Abraham Newland, whose signature for so many years appeared on the notes of all denominations. From his name is said to have originated the cant saying, "shamming Abraham," i.e., forging his signature to a false note. Only the Bank of England may issue notes in England; all other banks are not "banks of issue."

All bullion of every kind brought to the Bank comes into a special yard, known as the "bullion yard," from whence it goes to the vaults adjacent. The reserve held by the Bank against note circulation and for other contingencies used to be probably the largest in Europe, but it is now generally much smaller than the bullion reserves of the Bank of France or the Bank of Italy. The British Government feels so assured of commanding gold when necessary that they do not cultivate reserves as the continental countries do.

A guard of thirty soldiers, two non-commissioned officers, and a commissioned officer is stationed in the "guard room" in the basement of one of the buildings every night. They march down in single file, and form quite a picturesque feature of the "Old Lady's" housekeeping, which otherwise consists of 1,200 clerks and 400 other employees, 1,600 in all.

Probably the most interesting thing about the Bank, to such people as are admitted to see it, is the gold weighing room, where the sovereigns are tried to ascertain if they have fallen below the statutory weight through wear. If they have, they are broken up and recoined. The British nation loses about twenty thousand pounds a year by the wear of the gold coin in circulation, it has been calculated. The weighing machines are most fascinating in their action. They are entirely automatic. A long spout or hopper is filled with sovereigns, which of themselves pass to the pan of the balance. If they are the proper weight, or vary less than the legal "remedy," they go to one compartment; if light, they are automatically passed to another, whence they are taken to be destroyed and recoined. These machines weigh about a coin a second, and a large number are employed at once. Watching them at work, one can scarcely think them not to be alive, they seem so supernaturally intelligent. S.

Musical Superstitions.

THE great number of superstitions extant in the musical world prompts some writers to attempt a catalogue. The Rochester Post Express points out that "of all professions, none is so beset with superstitions as music," and continues: "For example, there is the superstition that Italy is the land of song. Yet folk song, which declares the natural taste of the common people better than anything else, is rarer and poorer in Italy than anywhere else, if the word of collectors goes for anything. Then there is the superstition about Germany's musical atmosphere. Alwyn Schroeder, the famous 'cellist, came back from Frankfort to Boston because he found that the Bostonians took music more seriously than do the Frankfurters. Bloomfield Zeisler said much the same thing, and now Felix Weingartner criticizes the behavior of the average subscription concert audience contemptuously."

The Musical Courier says that other musical superstitions not mentioned are that: New York is the most musical city in America. Haydn is a popular composer. The piano testimonials of virtuosi are sincere. Opera is worth $5 a seat. Richard Strauss's works will not endure. Press agent stories represent the truth. Etc.

The Significance of the Lloyd-George Innovation

By T. C. ALLUM

(From the Journal of the Canadian Bankers' Association)

THE most striking feature of the Lloyd-George budget is that it contains a proposal which indicates a comprehension of economic problems on the part of those responsible for it.

In the years to come, when the levying of taxation will have become automatic because of its naked justice, the budget will probably be raked out by antiquarians as pointed to as an epoch-making document.

Along with many propositions which are fully as objectionable as those contained in other budgets, is a feature which rescues the document from the entire condemnation to which the others are fully entitled. This feature is the proposal to cover in taxation one-fifth of the increase in values which come to land in the future. This is a departure in principle from other budgets and from the remainder of the Lloyd-George budget.

It is an effort to levy taxation according to benefits received instead of according to ability to pay.

Although the announcement that the proposals of this budget were being condemned by prominent bankers and business men of London contained no information as to the particular feature to which objection was taken, it is by no means impossible that this proposal did not meet with favor.

It is a fair assumption that anything which would be productive of any considerable change in the nature of securities would be regarded by bankers with a certain amount of suspicion, even though these changes promised a measure of relief from other objectionable conditions.

A SERIOUS INDICTMENT.

At the meeting held in London, it was resolved that the "main proposals of the budget weaken security in all private property, discourage enterprise and thrift and would prove seriously injurious to the commerce and industry of the country." It was referred to as "an innovation in the history of British finance which was unsound and unjust and would drive capital out of the country."

It sounds very terrible and it *is* very terrible. It is all the *more* terrible when it is recollected that the majority of budgets are deserving of just such denunciations. Revenues are commonly raised by taxes placed upon the products of man's industry, that is, on the value of buildings (thus "discouraging enterprise"), on incomes (thus "weakening security in private property"), on business (thus proving "injurious to commerce"), on possessions of all kinds (thus "discouraging thrift and driving capital out of the country").

The Lloyd-George budget, unfortunately, contained provisions for these and many other taxes—but so has every other budget ever brought down in England. To this extent, the Lloyd-George budget must plead guilty to the charges made against it—but so must all other budgets. The Lloyd-George budget probably hits the capitalistic interests harder than previous budgets, thus incurring the hostility of these interests. Lloyd-George found himself in an unusually difficult position and applied the screws harshly. But, in respect to the taxes mentioned, he in no way departed from the *principle* of previous budgets which possibly met the approval of his critics. He simply increased the amount of the taxation, getting it, as did others, the easiest way.

AN UNINTENTIONAL COMPLIMENT.

The bankers and business interests, at the meeting referred to, made one charge which does Lloyd-George distinguished honor, though such might not have been the intention. They charged him with introducing an innovation. This is the only charge which could not have been made with equal justice against other budget makers. Whether the criticism had reference to the only proposal which *did* involve an innovation in principle—namely that of the tax upon the future increase in land values—or to certain objectionable proposals which were not innovations in *principle* but merely in *degree* is hard to say. The criticism, however, gives occasion for a few remarks upon the real innovation.

In the course of time it has come to be recognized that the protection of the country by soldiers and of the citizen by police, the providing of roads throughout the country and of streets in the towns, the lighting of those streets, and many other services of like order, properly belong to the functions of government. Whether the conclusion is correct or not is neither here nor there, at the moment; the fact is, the government is supplying them and requires revenue to discharge its obligations. The question immediately arises: how shall this revenue be obtained from the community? Shall we, desiring the beneficient results of justice mark our course out in exact harmony therewith, or shall we get this revenue any way we can? That is, might we, as a government, steal it? If so, shall we punish the citizen for theft?

WHAT'S TO BE DONE ABOUT IT?

Shall we, following the principle—or lack of principle— of previous budgets, levy taxes on incomes, trading, imports and possessions of all kinds (though these possessions be not ours), shall we put the inquisition into force to discover where the hidden wealth may be? Shall we as a nation disregard the justice we willingly grant to one another as individuals? Shall we get this revenue haphazard, wherever we can, wherever the rightful owner has not the strength to resist our demands?

Shall we, ignoring all the principles recognized in business and commerce, levy the tax according to ability to pay, or shall we levy it according to benefits received?

The innovation in principle in the Lloyd-George budget is that, in the proposition to derive revenue from the future increase in the value of land, the call of justice is given ear to.

It may probably be asked wherein lies such a departure in principle between the methods of taxation proposed and that contained in previous budgets or in the remainder of this budget.

It is not possible, in a short article, to give a reply which would sufficiently illuminate the whole subject. It may suffice, however, to point out that in taxing the increased value of land, the government is simply taking back that which it *has* given, whereas, in all other forms of taxation it is taking what it has *not* given. A very considerable difference, is it not?

ONLY GOOD BOOK-KEEPING NEEDED.

The public services performed by government—whether federal, provincial or city—add value to the particular district or locality affected by those services. If they did not there would be no sense in having them performed. That seems very clear.

Not quite so clear, is it, though equally true, that these services add value to nothing else. Yet see: Good government is an aid to production, so that, other things being equal, the cost of production decreases under it. That being so, it is also clear that governmental services do not add value to the products of industry. Besides the products of industry, nothing else exists to which these services could add value save location—that is, ground or land. So that, as we all know, public services add their value to ground; and they add it to ground only.

The government, through these public services, does for the ground what the builder, through the services of the carpenter or paper-hanger, does for the house. But, while the builder sends his entire account to the owners of the houses he has made more desirable, the government sends but a small proportion of *its* account to the owners of the ground it has made more desirable. Instead, the charge is spread out over other people's possessions, incomes, business, houses and industry, thus violating the very elementary principles of accountancy.

The innovation in the Lloyd-George budget makes an attempt to put these principles into effect. As the value of public services—all public services—necessarily accrues to the land, he proposes to send the bill for them to the owner of the land, instead of letting him go almost free and taxing the public instead, as in the past. His method of doing this is to tax the future increases in the value of ground to the extent of one-fifth. He should have taxed it to the extent of five-fifths in order to adhere strictly to justice, but the opposition would have been too great. The change is a radical one and must be brought about slowly.

OTHER NATIONS DO SOME THINKING.

Since the Lloyd-George budget was announced, the German and Austrian governments show indication of falling into line. There is a strong agitation to tax what they term the "unearned increment" of the ground, meaning those values not created by the owners of the ground but by the public. It is a big step forward to have the existence, even, of this unearned increment recognized. The Australasian governments have recognized it for years as a proper source of revenue and Europe and America are falling rapidly into line.

The taxes on these increased land values given by the public are the only ones possible towards which the terms of reproach and denunciation used by the bankers are not applicable. They do not "weaken security in all private property" because they provide for the abolition of the existing system which does weaken it. For the same reason, they would not "discourage enterprise and thrift and prove injurious to commerce and industry"; they relieve these of the tax heretofore levied upon them. They would not drive "capital out of the country," but the contrary. For nothing can be surer than that the introduction of a just system of taxation, in which the measure shall be "For benefits received," will drive out the present system based on "Ability to pay." Now that the Lloyd-George budget has brought the matter forward and Germany and Austria are agitating for it, the United States and Canada will take the plunge just so soon as their budget requirements compel.

THE FLIGHT ACROSS THE ENGLISH CHANNEL.
The end of the great flight: M. Bleriot and his aeroplane in the Northfall Meadow, behind Dover Castle, showing (on the left of the French flag) the air chamber designed to act as a buoy in the event of the aeroplane falling into the sea.

A Neglected Benefice.

A REMARKABLE story of charity going begging is to be found in the failure of a fund that for the last twenty-five years has appealed in vain to ministers of the Presbyterian faith. The story begins a quarter of a century ago, when Mrs. Anne Jane Mercer, of Ambler, Penn., died. She had bequeathed her fortune with her fine house and grounds at that place for the use of infirm ministers of the Presbyterian church. It was a splendid property, and the will was read amid the despairing comments of relatives who had hoped that different disposition would be made of the Mercer wealth.

The house and grounds were ideal for an institution such as the woman contemplated. The mansion was commodious and the park in which it stood a large tract in one of the most picturesque and healthful spots in that part of the Keystone State. As the amount in cash to be used for the maintenance of the institution was $100,000, it looked as if the legatee had done all she could to insure comfort for the declining lives of a goodly number of Presbyterian ministers. But after twenty-five years the fine home willed by Mrs. Mercer houses only one lone occupant, and despite all the efforts of the trustees and directors no more infirm Presbyterian clergymen can be induced to spend the winter of their lives within its hospitable walls.

This much has come to light through the attempt of the trustees to have the courts make some other disposition of the Mercer money, instead of permitting it longer to remain dormant, appealing without result to ministers who simply will not be supported from this fund.

Some light is shed on the mystery of this unsuccessful charity by the items in the bill praying for relief from the terms of the will and for some other project for the expenditure of the Mercer fortune. It is asserted in this bill that only thirty-five ministers have made application for admission to the home in all the twenty-five years that its doors have remained open to the applicants who could qualify. Twelve were found to be ineligible, fifteen were taken in and the rest were not heard from again. Of the lucky fifteen ten went away for various reasons, four of the remainder died, and that left one, who is now the sole beneficiary under the will.

It might be supposed that some "joker" in the will deterred the ministers from availing themselves of the opportunity to end their days in comfort, but there appears to be none, except, possibly, that forbidding the use of tobacco. It is not easy to imagine that in the case of ministers of the Gospel this clause would prove an insurmountable obstacle. What, then, is the reason that this charity has so signally failed?

The lone survivor of the fifteen was asked this question, but could give no valid reason for the failure other than that the home was too lonesome. It cannot be denied that it is lonesome for him, this ancient minister, eating, living and sleeping in a great house, with none to speak to but the servants who wait on him, and no object in life except to make as great inroads on the charity as he can. It would not be lonesome if he had the company of a hundred or so of old ministers like himself.

The "help" have an easy time of it. There are four of them, three big men and one woman. With only one inmate to wait upon, it may be understood that time hangs rather heavily on their hands.

Ancient Paper Money.

PAPER money—properly guaranteed—is now generally recognized throughout the world as the most satisfactory and convenient form of currency. It is not, however, as is very generally supposed, a comparatively modern idea.

The celebrated traveler, Marco Paulo, says Harper's Weekly, of Venice, was the first person to announce to Europe the existence of paper money, in China, under the Moguls. It was subsequently introduced by the Moguls into Persia, where their notes were called djaou, or djaw, a word evidently derived from the Chinese word schaio, signifying "a want of specie."

The fact of the Moguls having, in China and Persia, made use of paper money, has induced the belief that they were the originators of it. But in the history of Tchinghiz-khan, and of the Mogul dynasty in China, published in the year 1739, the author speaks of the suppression of the paper money, which was in use under the dynasty of the Soung, who reigned in China previous to the Moguls; and he also mentions a new species of notes which were substituted for the old in the year 1264.

The original financial speculation of the Chinese ministry, to provide for the extraordinary expenditures of the state, which were exceeding the revenues, was in the year 119 B.C. At this period were introduced the phi-pi, or value in skins. These were small pieces of the skin of deer, which were kept in a pen, within the palace walls. They were a Chinese square foot in size, and were beautifully ornamented with painting and embroidery. The price of those skins was fixed at a sum equal to about $65.

Aline Van Barentzen, an American pianist, eleven years old, has been awarded first prize at the Paris Conservatoire de Musique in the women's competition. She is the youngest person who has ever received this prize.

THE FLIGHT ACROSS THE ENGLISH CHANNEL.
M. Bleriot on his aeroplane at Baraques just before starting on his 37-minute trip to Dover.

Modern Proposals.

A LADY who has had much experience as a chaperon —and it is a kind of experience that encourages cynicism—has lately been giving the public some information on the subject of modern proposals. She regrets the days when the suitor fell upon his knees and in good, set form—as far as he could remember what he meant to say —declared his passion. But lovers were not always respectful in that age of deportment. The lady herself recalls the case of an impetuous young man who, having been refused by the girl of his choice, "promptly lifted her in his arms (they were in a field at the time) and carried her towards the public road, saying that he would go on carrying her till she took back her 'No.' She married him." Different both from the declamatory and the raptorial types of the past is "the average young man of the middle and upper classes" to-day. He is "a queer, vacillating creature, to whom proposing is an agony. It is as much as he can do to suggest proposing, he is so nervous and apprehensive. He even tries to do it over the telephone sometimes." The result is that "proposing practically rests with the girl, or, at least, the biggest part of it." Naturally, the experienced chaperon asks, "What is the cause of this strange reversal?" And the answer which occurs to her is that the excitement of town life "has brought into being a race of physically and mentally degenerate men," whereas "it is well known that women thrive on excitement. They become blooming and healthy, and never seem tired." But then, the diffidence of the average young man in face of a chronically excited fair one who never grows tired appears to be natural, even if it is unsatisfactory.

HEREDITY is a curious problem; and there could hardly be a more extraordinarily-marked divergence in tastes and character than that which existed between the late Lord Ripon and his only son and successor, the present Marquis. Politics and public life were the very breath of the late Peer's nostrils, and his devotion to public duty was admired alike by political friends and foes. The new Lord Ripon sat in the House of Commons for six years, but never showed the slightest aptitude for politics. Besides music, of which he is almost as fond as his wife, he has never been known to have any interest in life except shooting, which he has reduced to an exact science by unceasing practice.

George M. Cohan, the actor and playwright, was born on the Fourth of July, thirty-one years ago.

A pen-picture of M. Bleriot, the aviator, during the wait at Calais. M. Bleriot is 37 years of age, fair complexioned, with brown eyes and brown moustache.

"Some More Sabbath Breakers."

FROM sinful Sabbath breaking towns
I wandered over grassy downs,
In sweeter air for one day.
But lo! a lark sang overhead.
"How dare you sing," I sternly said,
"Your week-day song on Sunday?"
That wicked lark made no reply,
But went on singing in the sky.

I left the shameless bird with groans
And met a stream o'er mossy stones
A hurried journey taking.
What! traveling on Sunday? Oh!
I held my hands up. "Don't you know
That you are Sabbath breaking?"
That stream vouchsafed no word to me
But traveled on to reach the sea.

I watched a bee for half an hour
Imbibing from a pretty flower.
And "Can't you wait till Monday?"
I cried, "You might exist I think
Without demanding Sabbath drink
And desecrating Sunday."
He buzzed—I could have sworn he laughed
And took another hearty draught.

A wind among the blossoms blew
Its fertilizing work to do,
And though I could not view it
I stopped, and thus the wind addressed,
"Unmindful of the Day of Rest
You work. Why do you do it?"
The wind swooped swiftly like a witch,
And blew my hat into a ditch!

I stood and watched with furrowed brow
A whistling man who milked a cow;
It made my day a bleak day.
The lambs were sporting, gay and brisk,
And I enquired "How dare you frisk
As though it were a week day?"
I waited, but no answer came.
They went on frisking just the same!

At smiling Nature then I glared
Demanding how on earth she dared
Permit this sad disorder.
But as I turned and left the place
I fancied that on Nature's face
The smile was growing broader.
For Nature—'tis her heathen way—
Does not observe the Sabbath Day.

"HARRI."

How to Live in the Dog-Days

THE blazing sun of July and August can work two direct ills upon mankind, and two direct ills only, says a writer in Hampton's Magazine, sunstroke, which, all things considered, is comparatively rare, and what is popularly known as heat prostration, which though generally avoidable is common.

Because they demand rapid diagnosis and prompt relief, the symptoms of this pair of dangers are frequently confused, and not infrequently with disastrous results, but the truth is that they are entirely independent of each other.

Sunstroke is a sudden loss of control by the heat regulating centres of the brain, whereas heat prostration is merely but perhaps more perilously the exhaustion of certain vital organs, due to the patient's continued exposure to the heat.

Nature in order to guard the brain against sunstroke has established in it a heat regulating mechanism of a character quite adequate to ordinary circumstances. This is a nerve centre which automatically controls the blood vessels. Cold contracts these vessels, but heat expands them, and when expanded they pour out the sweat which, by its evaporation, relieves the superheated body.

The heat regulator is to the brain what the automatic sprinkler is to the factory or warehouse. When the factory or warehouse acquires a dangerous temperature that very temperature dissolves the plugs in the sprinkler and releases the water. Thus, when the brain grows too warm the heat regulator permits the vessels to expand and they proceed at once to pour out the relieving fluid.

This is adequate in ordinary circumstances. But civilization has created for man some circumstances which are not in nature's conception of the term "ordinary." In such circumstances, when the brain is worn by disease, when it is wearied by overwork, when it is fagged by abnormally long heat exposure, or when it is subjected to sudden exposure of excessive violence, the cerebral centres are whipped into a condition which requires more relief than the sprinkler can give, and then the result is that collapse which we call sunstroke.

It is the action of the heat on several vital organs which causes heat prostration, and this is usually a matter not of one hour but of several days. The heart action weakens, the stomach is upset, bowels, kidneys and liver may suffer, and the prospective patient "to keep going" uses up more and more of the energy which he will later need in resisting the final breakdown.

Consequently, prostrations occur as a rule in those who are exposed to intense heat for a long period, or who are in bad health. The ultimate result is likely to be more serious than in cases of sunstroke. Often the patient recovers only to run the same risk again and to encounter ultimate disaster.

The delicate mechanism of the brain makes the immediate services of a physician imperative in all cases of sunstroke, but in the ordinary cases of prostration much may be done before the physician arrives. Stimulation is required, and this in the form of surface friction is easily administered. The fatal "temperature" is generally believed to be 106 degrees, yet I have seen patients brought into hospitals with a temperature of 110 —and going up by leaps and bounds —who were cured by ice baths and rubbing.

Recent investigations seem to show that the lighter the color of your complexion the greater are your chances of disaster. The medical staff of the United States Army has been paying particular attention to this matter and has found that as a rule blondes cannot long survive in a tropical climate.

On the average they die within three years, probably because the clear skin, being practically without pigment, offers little protection against the sun's rays. In any event blonde or brunette should remember that the skin's natural relief from heat lies in the throwing off of that secretion of water, salts or excrementitious matter which we know as sweat.

The cessation of the flow of sweat is the first danger signal. When that happens get out of the sun and into the shade, stop work, drink plenty of water and do not hesitate to use a fan. It is more satisfactory to be ladylike and alive than masculine and dead. Of course if you can afford it you can always avoid both sunstroke and prostration by the simple process of keeping out of the heat, but you should at any rate take things easy and drink no stimulants at all.

Chief among the ills from heat that are less direct but more frequently fatal are diseases of the lower alimentary canal. Two general causes are, roughly, assignable—cold and bacteria. Probably 95 per cent. of the diseases which we are now considering have their origin in the eating of contaminated fruit.

By this I do not necessarily mean fruit which is so far rotted that its decomposition is evident to the senses. It is true, I believe, that in many cheap eating places and in some that are not cheap, contaminated fruit is frequently served as fruit salad or in some highly seasoned or skilfully prepared form.

But the far more frequent source of distress is in fruit which our senses could not at all detect as decayed and which if pointed out to us we should describe as just on the turn. Such decay is due to the presence of bacteria, and its result is most frequently plain, old fashioned cholera morbus, which may be avoided by avoiding contaminated food.

Plain, old fashioned—yes; but a laughing matter—no. Out of my own professional experience, on the contrary, I would say that symptomatically cholera morbus is often quite as deadly as Asiatic cholera. It has certainly been far more deadly in America, and I know of but one general rule against it—when in doubt cook the fruit.

It would be best if we Americans could get over the absurdities of our summer fashions in clothes, which are in literal truth frequently suicidal. One summer some years ago, I passed several weeks in the pleasant little town of Bristol, N.H., and there I found that the dress of the richest man was pretty much that of the poorest. Moccasins, serge trousers held losely by a skate strap, a five cent chip-straw hat and a hickory shirt, the collar open and the sleeves rolled up to the elbow—so much and no more.

But Bristol is the happy exception. Women as a rule fare passably well because they affect such fabrics as pongees and lawns, which give an adequate evaporating surface and because the too frivolously mocked peekaboo waist has about solved the problem of hot weather attire for femininity; yet, save in such rare communities as that of the lucky New Hampshire town, we poor men continue to carry four layers of clothes upon our backs and face death at every sunny corner.

Above all, you should be careful during warm weather not to overwork your stomach. It has served you more or less faithfully all winter and its employer should grant it a sort of vacation. Avoid, therefore, excessive amounts of food, but especially of all heat making foods—all starch and fats, greasy dishes and Irish potatoes.

Green vegetables are the best features in the menu, and lean meat and eggs are a close second, because they are not fat makers, but muscle makers. As for fruit, be sure that it is not contaminated; avoid the dust blown corner fruit stand, and if you drink alcoholic beverages at all drink only light wines and beers. It is better to avoid all such drinks.

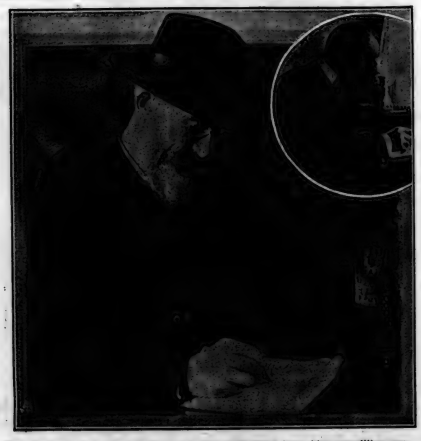
The question of how long at the seaside the summer bather should remain in the surf is a question of individual idiosyncrasy. I frequently remain in the water for two to three hours, while many of my friends can endure no more than thirty minutes.

There is, then, but one rule, which is to go in the first day and stay until you feel the first sign of chill, then leave at once, rub down thoroughly, and thereafter always quit the water at least ten minutes soon than on that first day.

The secret of escaping the evils of summer lies largely in the regulation of our personal habits. It would be well if in July and August we canopied our sidewalks as the sidewalks are canopied in Italy, and it would be well for us to adopt the open air cafes of Europe in general, the nearest substitute for which is the still too rare roof garden of New York.

Safety from the danger of heat prostration may be almost positively secured by observing the following rules:

1. Make your work as light as possible.
2. Wear only the lightest clothing and as few garments as the law allows.
3. Take a cold bath every morning and a tepid one every afternoon.
4. Eat sparingly, principally fresh vegetables, shunning all fats and starchy foods, avoiding the deadly fruit salad and taking no fruit which has not been either washed or peeled immediately before it is served.
5. Drink no spirituous liquors.
6. Sleep, if it is possible, at midday; always stay abed eight hours every night and always sleep under a mosquito netting.
7. Make your vacations absolutely different from your daily life.



G. B. Shaw at work on a play, and Censor Redford busy blue-pencilling one. Mr. Shaw's latest play, "Press Cuttings," was forbidden by the Censor, supposedly on account of its political character. The two men are enemies of long standing.

A Street Echo.

OH! she was a fair wax vesta
vendor,
I was a matchless man:
She spoke me near where the fountain clear
In the moonlight splashed and ran.
She had but one box remaining
("Tis often, often, so!),
And her pleading cry that I would buy
Gave never the chance of "no."

I bought, as in sooth I felt I must do;
Bought, and pursued my way;
And thought, as I went, of a coin well spent,
And the fate of a girl in grey.
Whose night's repose had depended
On just my penny more,
And who now was blest with the price of rest—
Her fare to some Dreamland shore.

Fully an hour had Time grown older,
Also I—when again
I passed in shade where the fountain played
'Neath clouds that boded rain.
Came the vendor's *fair twin sister*,
Her voice made plaintive moan;
But the prayer that I would her last box buy
Fell cold on a heart of stone.

Arthur A. Lodge.
—The Pall Mall.

Millionaire's Health Axioms

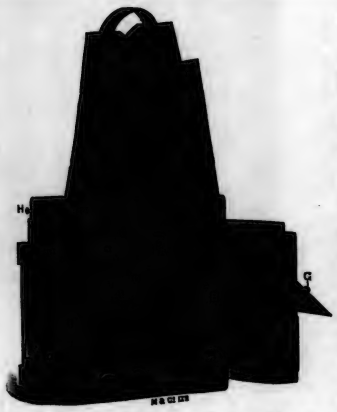
DR. Daniel K. Pearsons, the Chicago millionaire, who has announced his intention of giving away his last million dollars during the next twelve months, is one of the most notable figures in American educational life. Born of humble folk and never having the advantages of an early education, he conceived the idea, directly he became rich, of founding colleges, and for this purpose he has already given considerably over $4,000,000. Starting life on a farm, he worked his way to an academy, became a teacher, and eventually a physician. He is now over ninety, and is as hale and hearty as many men half his age. "Most men dig their graves with their teeth," he once remarked to an interviewer, and proceeded to give him a number of hygienic axioms. "No pies, no cakes, no pains or aches. If you catch a cold, lose your quinine and eat an onion. I don't drink tea or coffee; they affect the heart"—are some of them.

Dr. Pearsons not only preaches thrift, but also practises it. "I don't think I ever foolishly spent twenty dollars in my life," he boasts. "I once went to a theatre, and I have been ashamed of myself ever since. I have never seen a horserace or a baseball match." A young man who had more than once benefited by his help walked into his room on one occasion smoking a cigar. The old doctor listened to what he had to say patiently. "Young man," he presently asked in a mild, drawling tone, "how much did you give for that cigar?" "Ten cents." "Um. Ten cents in smoke," he growled, putting on his hat and walking out, leaving his astonished visitor alone in his study.

IT is said that the "Long Boston," the waltz which was among last season's novelties, was first danced by a couple subject to the dreamy harmony of bewitching and enticing music, who were dumbly obeying the power of this rapturous influence.

This girl and man from Boston unconsciously adopted the step, and henceforth the step took the popular fancy and was called the Long Boston, having since been taken up by a fashionable dancing teacher of New York and made by him the dance of the day.

The story goes that this dancing couple, members of the beau monde who had danced at many balls given at the most exclusive royal courts of the world, were attending a dinner dance at a New England summer resort. They had dined well and when the music in one of the twosteps suddenly changed to a blissful, enrapturing waltz they had surrendered themselves so much to the dreamy, sensuous, enchanting music that they only partly changed from the twostep to a waltz, and unconsciously adopted a more harmonious, symmetrical and pleasing dance than either the twostep or the waltz.



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Notice is hereby given that a Dividend at the rate of SIX PER CENT. PER ANNUM upon the paid-up capital stock of the Home Bank of Canada has been declared for the THREE MONTHS ending 31st of August, 1909, and the same will be payable at its Head Office and Branches on and after Wednesday, the 1st day of September next. The transfer books will be closed from the 17th to the 31st of August, both days inclusive.

By order of the Board.

JAMES MASON, General Manager.

Toronto, July 14, 1909.

SPORTING COMMENT

'CAUGHT BETWEEN BASES

THE canoe certainly came into its own on last Saturday afternoon, when the regatta of the Canadian Canoe Association was held for the first time in Toronto. Conditions were ideal, and there was a big turnout to see the races. And the races deserved all the enthusiasm they aroused, for they were well contested, and were in every case good exhibitions of the sport. Furthermore, they were won by the local paddlers—which also contributed to the enjoyment of the regatta for the spectators. In fact, there was only one outside club to take medals, the New Edinburgh Club, which won the junior and senior singles, and also took one of the war-canoe races from the crack Parkdale crew. But Toronto paddlers can afford to accept defeat gracefully there, with eight out of the eleven races to their credit. Altogether, it was a "braw" day for the sport, and the local sportsmen, and should do much to arouse interest in paddling, or rather, to keep up at its present heat the interest in the game which made it possible for Toronto athletes to win such a sweeping victory.

* * *

THE good effect of the prompt action of the directors of the National Lacrosse Union in the matter of the Ions assault, was shown in last Saturday's contest, when the Tecumseh team played the clean game that followers of sport here have the right to expect of them. And the result was one which should strengthen them in virtuous resolutions. It is true that the Shamrocks were inclined to rough it at times, but they paid the penalty. It was a striking instance of the good effects of severe refereeing. If all those who have charge of lacrosse games would act as the officials did on Saturday, rough playing would soon go out of fashion. Team managers don't take long to find out that even the best men are of little use while they sit on the fence; and all the umpires have to do is to resolutely send them to that limbo whenever they transgress the laws of the game. This would quickly result in new tactics, for to do otherwise would mean matches lost, as it did for the Shamrocks on Saturday.

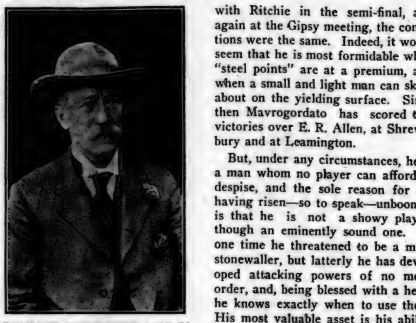
* * *

ONE of the Bisley winners is home. Staff-Sergeant Bayles arrived here on Saturday last, and was enthusiastic in his descriptions of his own experiences and those of his comrades at Bisley. "It was the best team that ever went over," said the winner of the Wimbledon Cup, "and we never before won so many prizes." Asked what he thought of the Ross rifle, he said that he did not use it, having always been accustomed to the Lee-Enfield. And, by the way, there is still going on a lot of discussions about the same Ross rifle. There is no doubt that the rifles used at Bisley were good guns, quite different guns from those used before in that competition. In fact, on more than one occasion the Ross rifles used there were so poor that the men had to change over to the Lee-Enfield at the last moment. But it was quite a different story this time—and also a different rifle. The moral of it would seem to be that the new rifles should be put into general use among the militia and riflemen of the country, and the old ones withdrawn. There is no use in the world having a fine rifle for a few picked shots, and having the bulk of the men armed with a gun that does not possess even average efficiency.

* * *

THE fates seem to be conspiring against W. H. Horne, of Chertsey, says Mark Allerton, in M. A. P., in his endeavor to drive a ball a distance that will not only break all records, but will fill us with wonder and awe. Two years ago the golfing world was thrilled with news of a prodigious drive by Horne, but, later on, word came round that there was a mistake somewhere, and that the drive was not a record after all. Perhaps that is why, when we heard that he had driven 469 yards to the thirteenth green at North Berwick, we were inclined at first to receive the news with reserve. But there were the incontrovertible facts. Harry Vardon, who was on the green, found Horne's ball bouncing between his legs. The marker testified to the length of the shot. It must be true that Horne had not only beaten the record, but beaten it by over a hundred yards!

And then the fates intervened, as they usually do when something extraordinarily wonderful is supposed to have happened. The green had been put back a hundred yards, an exceptional occurrence at a big meeting. Horne did not know of this, neither did Harry Vardon, nor the marker. So nobody was to blame. Still, at 380 yards, Horne's drive excels the previous record by Mr. Edward Blackwell, in 1892, from the seventeenth tee at St. Andrews, and with a gutta ball, by fourteen yards.



SERGEANT-INSTRUCTOR BAYLES, Winner of the Wimbledon Cup.

Horne is a big, burly man, with the broad, stooping shoulders of the habitual golfer. His physique marks him out as an exponent of long shots. For, after all, strength counts. Mr. Blackwell has enough of it and to spare, and he has admitted using just as much of it as is necessary, with a little kept in reserve in case of emergency. The secret of the long drive lies in that mysterious virtue which we call knack; and without knack strength is of little avail. Hackenschmidt himself had a round on a Midland course about a year ago, and I am told that his average drive was a matter of a few yards! But if a player can swing his club in the right way so that it hits the ball at the right time, and on the right spot, he may be said to have acquired the knack. It sounds very easy, does it not?

There can be no denying the fascination of the long game. We are quite prepared to admit that proficiency in the short game carries us far further towards success. Still, a missed putt does not fill us with the same chagrin as does a foozled drive. I daresay this is due, to a large extent, to our very natural desire to start well. A good beginning, they say, is half the battle, and a tee shot that is well and truly hit sends us off, rejoicing and full of hope, towards the green. It inspires us with confidence to keep on doing well. The importance of the long game must not be underrated. It is the tonic that strengthens our nerves for the tricky and delicate short game.

H. MERRILL, WINNER OF THE SENIOR SINGLES IN THE CANADIAN CANOE ASSOCIATION REGATTA.

* * *

THE most noteworthy event in lawn tennis since Wimbledon has undoubtedly been the defeat of Roper Barrett by Mavrogordato in the North London Championship Singles at the Gipsy Tournament. At Wimbledon many expected Barrett to win the Championship, and were quite unprepared for his defeat by Ritchie. Now he goes and gets beaten by "Mavro." Of course, some allowance must be made for the fact that Barrett was a tired man, owing to his having had a lot of the steam taken out of him in previous matches, but all the same people have come to realise how good Mavrogordato really is. Since the beginning of last year he has advanced slowly but surely, and at Hythe, at the end of last season, Barrett had all his work cut out to beat him. This was on a soft court, and at Wimbledon this year, where he beat Caridia, and made a good fight with Ritchie in the semi-final, and again at the Gipsy meeting, the conditions were the same. Indeed, it would seem that he is most formidable when "steel points" are at a premium, and when a small and light man can skate about on the yielding surface. Since then Mavrogordato has scored two victories over E. R. Allen, at Shrewsbury and at Leamington.

But, under any circumstances, he is a man whom no player can afford to despise, and the sole reason for his having risen—so to speak—unboomed is that he is not a showy player, though an eminently sound one. At one time he threatened to be a mere stonewaller, but latterly he has developed attacking powers of no mean order, and, being blessed with a head, he knows exactly when to use them. His most valuable asset is his ability to utilise the full length of the court when driving, and a man who can do this and never (or hardly ever) "get short," even though his returns may not be very severe, must always be reckoned with. As a volleyer, too, he is quite as good as most men, and many are inclined to regard him at the present time as the most promising of the younger players, and to put him in front of Kenneth Powell, whose ability as a volleyer is counterbalanced by shakiness on the baseline.

There is no use shouting about the Alien Peril. After all, the play's the thing, and lawn tennis is so essentially English a sport that successful foreign and Colonial exponents seem rather to pass into English possession by virtue of their performances than to beggar thereby English reputation. But when the good old English name of Mavrogordato is coupled in the honours list of the moment with that of Rahe, one does, just for the fraction of a second, pause and ponder what keeps young Smith and Robinson skulking in their dressing-tents. Rahe did amazingly well at Reading, more than confirming all the good opinions which were formed of him at Wimbledon. There, it will be remembered, after defeating England's hope for the future, Kenneth Powell, he put up a remarkably good fight against Roper Barrett. Now he has gone one better by taking Ritchie, the conqueror of Barrett, to five sets, and that, too, after losing the first two.

* * *

IT is a fact long admitted, says a write in the N.Y. Sun, that athletes are subject to streaks of ill luck, much the same as it hits the horsey fraternity, and in fact all the branches of sport where the game of chance plays a prominent part. In the list of championships numerous cases are on record where men came within a few inches of winning, but always some little thing happened at the last moment to prevent the victory. About the worst case of hard luck in recent years is that of Denis Horgan, the championship shotputter, who for a time wore the colors of the New York A. C. Two years ago or so an Italian struck him with a shovel, causing a fracture of the skull which laid him up in the hospital for a couple of months, and but for his splendid health and recuperative powers he would have died.

The general verdict then was that his athletic days were over, but Denis went back to Ireland and the quiet life put him on his pins again. So thoroughly did he recover that in the Olympic games at London last year he came a respectable second to Ralph Rose, and since has won all the big shotputting events on the other side, the English and Irish championships this year being among the list.

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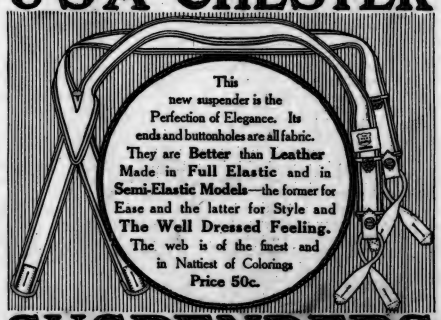

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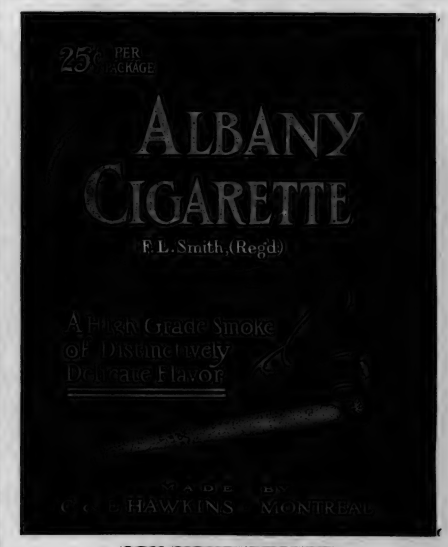

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JUSTICE MILES FORMAN is one of the writers who can always be depended on to turn out a bright, well-written, and interesting story; and he does so with the utmost regularity. Every so often a new novel appears with his name on the cover, and he always enjoys a very considerable measure of success. His work is not very powerful or subtle, or marked by unusual qualities of any kind. But it is all that it pretends to be, a good story, with lots of action and crisp dialogue, pleasant scenes pleasantly described, and in general all the characteristics of a novel that is bound to be popular. His latest production, "The Quest," published by Ward, Lock & Co., bears all the family features, and should strengthen the writer's hold on his already very large number of readers. It is the story of a man's search for the missing brother of the woman he thinks he loves. He finally succeeds in his mission after a number of narrow escapes and varied adventures, only to find that he is in love with the other girl. But it all ends well, as is right and proper in a summer-time romance, and the curtain is rung down to the sound of marriage bells. The scene of the story is laid in Paris, and in a garden—always a favorite setting for Mr. Forman. Altogether, it is an excellent instance of hammock literature.

* * *

MONKS have furnished material to many and many a writer whose entire knowledge of them was probably drawn from a few scraps of lurid misinformation about the Spanish Inquisition. But nowadays novelists take a more kindly view, and in "Antonio," by Ernest Oldmeadow (published by The Macmillan Company of Canada), the treatment of this well worn old subject can certainly not be accused of lack of sympathy. Furthermore it is also quite novel—a more surprising virtue. It is a pretty and interesting story of a monastery which was suppressed in Portugal in the time of Don Pedro and Dona Maria, about the year 1835. One of the inmates, a young monk just ordained, resolves to buy back the monastery; and the book tells the story of his struggles and his final success. There is, of course, the inevitable "love interest." These scenes, however, are the least interesting and least successful parts of the books—perhaps on account of the author's endeavor to avoid the fleshly. They are just a little too thin, too lacking in genuine and powerful emotion. But the book, as a whole, is well done—quite above the average of such publications.

* * *

JOAQUIN MILLER can well be called the "Poet of the Sierras," says a writer in Outing, as for twenty years he has lived on a spur of these mountains and from his "dooryard" can look down almost as straight as the stone falls upon the beautiful bay of San Francisco, a thousand feet below, and upon the exquisite nature picture afforded by the vineyards and gardens of the Alameda country. While out a short distance from the city of San Francisco, the poet-naturalist literally exists in another world, for when one climbs the steep, tortuous trail called the mountain road and reaches the "Heights," he has entered a curious highland as craggy as the Alpine Oberland. Here, however, the mountain breezes mingle with the sea air and in the warm sunshine flowers and foliage flourish even in crevices containing but a handful of earth. A glance at the Heights tells the stranger why Joaquin Miller has determined to spend his life here, for its wild beauty is indeed fascinating to any lover of the outdoors.

In this little domain where he is supreme, the poet has his home in what would be called a church. He terms it the chapel, and on either side are little buildings which he calls "deaneries." The chapel is of gothic architecture with tinted glass windows and contains a room which is the actual home of the owner. A couch covered with skins is the bed upon which he sleeps night after night, the walls are adorned with photographs, curious mottoes and strange ornaments and articles which he gathered here and there in the world, especially in the Orient. But he does not eat in the chapel; he goes to it only to rest and to perform the rites of the strange worship partly Buddhist and partly Indian which he has originated here. At the little farm cottage not far away he is served his food but he spends most of the time at the Heights, walking about or climbing the rocky cliffs, his companion being a young Buddhist servant whom the poet found

Joaquin Miller standing beside an Oregon pine at his home in the Sierras.

far away in the East Indies and brought back to America because he took such a liking for the boy.

A quaint picture does this gentle hermit of the West make as you meet him on the trails or at his home. At times his costume may be entirely of furs except the leather top-boots which he invariably wears. He is fond of the soft black hat so popular with the Southerner, while his long, curling hair and white beard give him a dignified and venerable appearance. Mr. Miller is seldom away from his little clearing in the hills except when the desire to cross the sea tempts him, but in recent years he has travelled but little, and as he says is quietly and contentedly waiting for the time when he will pass away and his body be cremated on the funeral pyre which he has built for the purpose and which he shows to his guests. This gruesome object was constructed largely by the hands of the man who wishes his last rites performed upon it. By its side is a pit lined with stones which is to be the final resting place of his ashes, and in his room in the chapel are the sweet gum, wine and oil which are to be placed upon the funeral fire as a sort of incense offering.

There are those who call Joaquin Miller a pagan but the rites he observes, though strange to the Christian believer, are poetically beautiful. He has his Rain God, whose symbol is a bear's paw which is hung on the wall of the chapel. When the time of drouth comes and the vegetation is parched for want of water, the poet becomes priest for the time and attended by his Buddhist servant, places incense sticks before the paw, lights them and performs a curious dance with his assistant. And the few people in this region actually believe that bear's paw has the power to bring rain and will tell you stories of its miraculous powers, so that the poet-hermit is frequently called upon to perform this ceremony. Near the bear paw in the chapel is the tail of a coyote. This is believed to have the power to check the heavy rains and drive away the fogs that frequently hang over the hills and mountains, and a somewhat similar ceremony is actually performed before it including the lighting of the joss sticks.

But it is a harmless, innocent life that Joaquin Miller leads in this little upper world. Now as in the first days when he came here, he is a true child of nature and a lover of nature, and his neighbors, if they can be called such, all respect him, though he is regarded with awe. Perhaps his most intimate friend in recent years has been Yone Noguchi, Japan's silver-tongued poet, who crossed the ocean purposely to spend a part of his life at the Heights, and here among the crags he composed some of his sweetest verse.

* * *

THE name of George Sand is so closely connected with the province of Berry that one is apt to forget that the "bonne dame de Nohant" was a native of Paris. The little ceremony of Sunday, July 4, when a tablet indicating the site of her birthplace was formally inaugurated in the Rue Meslay—a street running parallel with the Grands Boulevards—may help to emphasize this fact.

On July 1, 1804, Lucie de la Borde had organised a little family festival at her house, No. 15, Rue "Meslee" (now No. 46, Rue Meslay). Her brother-in-law, Maurice Dupin, a young officer of the Army of Italy, was staying with her between two campaigns with his newly-wedded bride, Victoire. He had married this little Parisian dressmaker — the daughter of a bird-fancier—against the wishes of his mother (a well-to-do lady who lived retired in her chateau at Nohant), and the young couple were glad to accept the wife's sister's hospitality. Several friends had been invited. Victoire had put on her prettiest pink summer gown and done her best to aid to receive the guests, but had to retire early in the evening. Maurice Dupin continued to play for his friends' amusement; he was a skilful violinist. The party was still gaily dancing to his music, though the dawn was just breaking, when Lucie arrived with the breathless announcement, "Come! Quick! You have a daughter!"

The daughter was baptised at St. Nicolas de Champs, and received the name of Aurore, Aunt Lucie acting as godmother. The future "George Sand" only lived a few months in the Rue Meslee; her father became aide-de-camp to Murat, and the young couple moved to the Rue de la Grange-Bateliere. Four years later Maurice Dupin was killed by falling from his horse, and the rich grandmother relented and decided to adopt and educate little Aurore. How George Sand lived at Nohant and made the acquaintance of "Francoise le Champi" and "la petite Fadette"; how she was placed in a convent school at fourteen as beyond grandmotherly control, and subsequently contracted a marriage which was far from a happy one, are matters of literary history.

* * *

THE Chevalier de Cussy, the second volume of whose "Souvenirs" has just been published, gives an amusing sketch of Chateaubriand's love of animals. A monkey was long a particular favourite. It one day met him at the door with a penitent aspect. "Ah, rascal," said the poet, stroking his pet, "thou hast broken thy chain, and art sorry for thy fault." He rang for the servant to tie it up again, and went into his study. All the papers—he was then editing M. de Fontanes' works—had disappeared, all the drawers were empty. At last he found the precious MS. in the wastepaper basket. Faithfully imitating his master's habitual gesture, the monkey had, however, carefully torn each sheet into four pieces; and Chateaubriand, patiently collating the fragments, might sigh, with the great Englishman, "Ah, Diamond, little thou knowest the mischief thou hast done!" A second exploit of this animal, the abstraction of all Chateaubriand's crosses and orders of knighthood from a locked drawer, and their subsequent discovery in the angle of a cornice, decided the poet to part with his pet. He replaced it by a cat, which peacefully slumbered on the study table while his pen covered sheet after sheet with eloquent prose. But from time to time he would take a rest and amuse his four-footed friend with a "jumping jack"—one of those cardboard figures which dance at the end of a string. "It was in his rooms at the Marie Therese Infirmary" (founded by his wife), says de Cussy, "that I saw this illustrious and venerated man indulging in this childish pastime."

* * *

IN the Independent of July 29 Ivan Lavretsky presents a brief sketch of Leonid Andrejev, the young Russian writer whose genius is now being recognized throughout Europe. Andrejev was born in Orel, Russia, in 1871, and began to write about ten

A recent photograph of Colonel Henry Watterson, the famous Louisville editor.

years ago. He was then a police reporter on a Moscow newspaper, and a little story of his one day caught the eye of Maxim Gorky, who forthwith took the unpretentious journalist under his tutelage.

The products of Andrejev's pen since that time have been received with ever increasing admiration, until many of the critics now place the erstwhile reporter ahead of Gorky, his literary tutor, and second only to Tolstoy. Andrejev's works, especially the earlier ones, bear traces of the influence of Gorky and Tschekov, as well as of Tolstoy and Dostoievsky. In one respect, however, he differs materially from several of his compatriots. While he protests earnestly against the rule of slaughter and terrorism in Russia, he does it in such a subtle manner that even the Russian censor can find no pretext for interference with the circulation of his books.

"The Seven Who Were Hanged," one of Andrejev's later stories, has been recently translated into English by Herman Bernstein and published by the J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Company. It relates the tragedies of seven persons, among whom are two women, condemned to be hanged. Five of them, including the women, had been convicted of an attempt to assassinate an imperial minister, while the others were ordinary criminals. The psychological study of these seven entirely distinct types and their widely contrasting views of their approaching doom gets a masterly interpretation, and the literary style in the tale reminds one strongly of the works of Edgar Allan Poe.

* * *

M. PIERRE LOTI, one of the most remarkable of living European writers, has recently been on a visit to England, where he has been staying quietly at the country seat of one of the peers, and, as far as the public is concerned, his visit has been passed over practically unnoticed. The life story of M. Loti is one of the most interesting in the annals of modern literature. In his childhood he was noted for his lonely and melancholy nature, and was early imbued with the love of a wandering life. It was probably for this reason that he chose the navy as a career, and before he was twenty he had seen some of the most out-of-the-way

Professor Ernst Haeckel, author of "The Riddle of the Universe," in his famous plush hat.

places in the world, and his romantic nature had ample material for its expansion.

His love of writing was born with him, and he was little more than a boy when he sent his manuscripts to editors. It is said that the editress of a famous French review was first attracted to one of his MS. by its shabby and frayed appearance, and its very untidiness induced her to read it. When she had done so, she sat down and wrote a short note to its author. It was a very short note, but it was worth its weight in gold to the recipient. This is what it said: "Your story is a masterpiece. But the present title will not do at all. Let us call it *Le Mariage de Loti* and your name will be made." Her advice was taken, and the story was a great success.

In appearance M. Loti is a typical Frenchman, but there is an indefinable something about him which would make him conspicuous anywhere. He has the dreamy manner which accords well with his pen-name of "lotus"—his real name is Viaud—and he is always more or less preoccupied and thoughtful. He is an individualist of individualists, and some time ago he summed up his creed as follows: "Life is passing, and from life it is logical to ask the most enjoyment possible while waiting for the final catastrophe of death. My rule of conduct is to do what pleases me in spite of social conventionalities. I believe in nothing—in no one. I have no faith—no hope." These words were written when M. Loti was a very young man, and no doubt he has moderated his ideas somewhat since then; but he is still the dreamer of dreams, still the romancist living in a romantic world, with a keen eye for the beauties of life in spite of his undercurrent of pessimism.

M. Loti's house at Rochefort is one of the most remarkable in existence. Some of the rooms are decorated in the most lavish Eastern manner. His bedroom is in the Moorish style, another apartment is furnished *a la Japonaise*, and so on; but the most wonderful of all is the mosque where the author loves to retire for meditation. It is filled with valuable carpets and stuffs from the East, and the floor is paved with beautiful pink and white marble. Some idea of M. Loti's romantic nature may be gained from the fact that after this mosque had been erected, he discovered that its windows looked out upon a commonplace wall, and upon a neighbouring house, instead of having a clear and unbroken view of the sky, so he immediately gave orders for the mosque to be demolished and rebuilt elsewhere, facing in the right direction.

The author is very fond of entertaining his friends in strange and unconventional ways; but unlike the American "freak" dinners, etc., that one reads so much about, M. Loti's entertainments are always refined and eminently artistic. Some time ago, for instance, he gave a Louis XI. *fete*, when each guest was asked to assume the name of some celebrity of that period. There was a Court jester and a Court physician, and the very servants were dressed in the costumes of Louis' time. Among the dishes served was a roasted peacock, and the music during the repast was played on the out-of-date instruments of the assumed period. On another occasion M. Loti gave a Chinese party, when the menu included birds' nest soup, sharks' fins on toast, and similar delicacies dear to the palate of the Celestial.

Beyond writing stories and travelling in the East, M. Loti has few amusements, but one of his hobbies is collecting mummies, and he possesses quite a number of these eerie but interesting things. One of his mummies is that of a young princess, and another is that of a little girl, which stands in his study, a silent watcher as he writes his masterpieces for the world.

One of M. Loti's most fervent admirers is "Carmen Sylva," the literary Queen of Roumania, and during a visit which he once made to her she paid him a charming compliment. The Queen invited the celebrated author to her own study, and said, "Monsieur, I should like to read you the finest work that has been written in the last twenty years." Taking from a shelf a small volume, she then read, to M. Loti's delight and surprise, extracts from his own book, "Pecheurs d'Islande." The Queen read the French so well that M. Loti was overwhelmed. "Your Majesty," he said when she had finished, "you have revealed me to myself."

* * *

THE recent death of Alexander Anderson, the author of "Cuddle Doon," and other Scotch poems, has revived interest in the work of a man who rose from the position of a railway laborer to be librarian of Edinburgh University. In his early days in Dumfriesshire he wrote some pleasing lines, and they led to his receiving the patronage of such notabilities as the Duke of Argyll, Lord Houghton, Thomas Carlyle and John Stuart Blackie. That, one would say, ought not to have done him any harm, but that it was carried too far for his good is asserted by a writer in "The Dundee Advertiser," who reflects upon the poet's career in these terms of excellent common sense:

They praised him—and praise is sweet. They may have visited him in his humble home, and made him feel strangely awkward, but after all they simply regarded him as a kind of curiosity—something out of the ordinary run—and admired him very much as the vulgar mob admires a performing monkey or a whistling parrot. They took him from his native surroundings and stripped him of his corduroys, arrayed him in tweeds, placed him among books, found him a comfortable salary, and told him to go on and sing. But the voice that had charmed us from the railway track was silent. Occasionally he endeavored to express himself, and now and again we got a note that had all the sweetness of earlier days, but it was plain to see that his work was done. He was killed with success.

How familiar the story sounds! It is being repeated every day. The simple Scotch poet went through the experience that, in one way or another, does more than anything else to injure the clever writers of our own time.

* * *

M. MARCEL PREVOST has become an immortal at an early age. The popular novelist and playwright is, in fact, only 47. He is one of the most widely-read writers in France. When Prevost published his first novel, he was only 25 years of age, and occupied a position in the State tobacco factories. His early novels, such as "La Confession d'un Amant," "L'Automne d'une Femme," and "Lettres de Femmes," were devoted mostly to the painting of love and passion. In his later works, of which "Lettres a Francoise" is perhaps the best, M. Prevost has turned moralist; "Demi-Vierges" represents the intermediate stage. The new immortal is a regular worker, devoting himself to his work from nine till twelve every morning and from five till seven each evening. He writes with great facility, and his manuscript is practically free from alterations, but he is extremely nervous whilst at work, and cannot support noise or interruption.

* * *

At a sale in London the other day one of the items was a letter of Byron's which fetched $140. Some wicked critic had been finding fault with "Manfred" and the poet wrote:

I have poured out my laver over the earth, until all that remains of my fatal and exhausted nature is a black and barren cone surmounted by bitter desolation. But I try to *demolish* a mistake into which my judges have fallen. *Hatred*, indeed! It is sympathy that *makes* the poet, it is the desire that the airy children of his brain should be born men within another's, the poet creates, therefore the *misanthropical* poet is a contradiction in terms.

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MUSIC

MR. GORDON LANGLOIS, B.A., who is at present at home in Toronto for a few weeks' vacation, after two years of piano study spent in Dresden, Germany, gave the writer, in the course of a recent chat, some interesting information concerning the richness of the musical life in that famous art centre.

Mr. Langlois' studies were pursued under the able guidance of Mr. H. M. Field, a former Torontonian, whose establishment of himself as a successful piano teacher in this notable European musical centre, is something to awaken the pride of all who have regard for Toronto's influence in *l'art universale*. Mr. Field's work as a teacher and a recitalist is very highly thought of in Dresden, and he commands a very desirable following among both the German citizens and the large English colony there resident.

Regarded from the musical standpoint, Dresden is the third city of Germany, Berlin being the first and Leipsic the second, particularly in respect to size of Conservatories and number of students. But in one feature Dresden is *par excellence* the leading city of musical Germany. This is by virtue of its brilliant grand opera season which lasts for eleven months of the year.

Von Schuch is the great orchestral conductor for these performances of grand opera, and his exceedingly fine body of instrumentalists give also 12 symphony concerts each season, 6 of these being purely orchestral and 6 with associated soloists. During the past year a number of Beethoven's symphonies were performed, also some of Tschaikowski's, and those of other Russian composers. Then there were produced the new "Symphonische Prologue" of Max Reger, the great modern contrapuntist—described by Mr. Langlois as being very complicated and noisy at first hearing—new works by Smetana, and several by lesser composers, some of which did not survive a first performance.

Among the soloists appearing were Herr Schnabel, who played the Beethoven piano concerto in G major; Herr Backhaus, who rendered the one in C minor; Herr Sapellnikoff, appearing in the Grieg concerto; and Herr Rachmanninoff, in a production of his own concerto in C sharp minor. Fritz Kreisler played a violin concerto of Brahms, and Kathleen Parlow the well known one of Mendelssohn's. During the preceding season Miss Parlow played the Brahms and Bruch concertos; her reputation is very high in Germany, where indeed the distinguished young Canadian is ranked among the best artists. Herr Backhaus, above mentioned, is a young pianist with a marvellous technique and an immense repertoire. During the preceding year he gave 5 recitals, playing no piece twice, and many of his numbers were works of the first magnitude. There is a fly in the ointment, however; this is his unfortunate lack of temperament, upon which critics seem pretty well agreed.

The second orchestra in Dresden is the "Philharmonic" under Willy Oslen. This body of players furnishes good although not first class interpretations of the classics, and is very useful to students of music who wish to hear all the standard works. Owing to financial difficulties, the string section of this orchestra is rather weak, but before going on tour last winter several additional violinists were secured. Music lovers in Toronto will no doubt recall the visit of this organization here last season.

In summer the Philharmonic Orchestra plays on the Brulsche Terrasse, an open-air restaurant beautifully situated overlooking the Elbe. In winter it performs in the Gewerbe Haus, where a symphony concert is given every Saturday night, two popular concerts also being given each Sunday, and a semi-popular on Thursdays. Additionally, the orchestra gives five special "Philharmonic" concerts during the season, at which visiting artists, such as Ysaye, take part.

In the minds of Torontonians the term "Philharmonic" carries with it the idea of choral work; it may therefore be stated that the Philharmonic Orchestra has no connection with any vocal organization, the word being merely used in its prime significance, viz., lover of harmony.

The choral standard in Dresden Mr. Langlois regards as being rather mediocre, giving one the impression of insufficient rehearsing, judging by the general roughness of effect. The dramatic style is cultivated in preference to the *bel canto*, and the voice of more than one student has been known to be strained and in fact utterly ruined in training for the Wagnerian opera. Some of the roughness of choral work may be ascribed to the unvocal German tongue.

The boys' choirs of Dresden are, however, very fine. The boys are drawn from the various schools, and they are carefully trained, so that they sing difficult things, such as old motets, etc., with telling effect. Specially worthy of note are the boys of the Kreutz Kirche and those of the Frauen Kirche, who give very fine musical services termed vespers every Saturday. At these services, their singing of the chorales of the sixteenth or seventeenth centuries is very impressive, marked as it is by a broad, measured style, strongly suggestive of nobility and dignity. Bach's Passion Music is performed every Good Friday. The Hof Kirche, or Court Church, where the King of Saxony attends, is of Catholic denomination, since the king and his court are of that faith, although the great majority of the inhabitants of Dresden are Protestants. At this church mass is celebrated with full choir and orchestra each Sunday.

SAINT SAENS.

The Grand Opera Orchestra under Von Schuch always gives a special concert in the opera house on Ash Wednesday, and also, with the assistance of a choral society, gives an annual performance of Beethoven's tremendous Ninth or Choral Symphony on Palm Sunday.

All the principal travelling artists visit Dresden and give recitals there. Then there are resident there such world-famed men as Emil Sauer, whose two piano recitals in Toronto last winter were so keenly enjoyed. Sauer does some piano teaching in Dresden, but is away a good deal on tour. The dean of piano teachers there is Herr Scholtz, but he is getting rather old now. Herr Bachmann, a musician of good solid attainments, enjoys considerable popularity; and Mr. Harry M. Field bears a very worthy reputation. Mr. Field numbers among his pupils several other Canadians in addition to Mr. Langlois.

Evidence of the prevalence of general musical culture is shown by the very large attendance at the grand opera and concert events, and the importance which is placed upon the study of music in the schools and seminaries. It is a common sight to see the school children with violin-cases as well as school books. Even the light music is better than what we hear. Rag-time is practically unknown. Johann Strauss, a descendant of the famous waltz king, has an orchestra in Vienna, and visits Dresden occasionally for concert purposes.

The general tone of Dresden is a very artistic one. There is an air of finish and refinement about the city like the lustre on some delicately wrought art work. A magnificent picture gallery contributes to the general polish. The public buildings are very beautiful, and the scenery of the surrounding country is such that it has been termed the Switzerland of Saxony.

ARPEGGIO.

* * *

Mlle. Yolando Mero, the distinguished Hungarian pianist, has been playing before London's most fashionable audiences, and has aroused immense enthusiasm. The London Globe has the following to say about her:

Miss Yolanda Mero could hardly have afforded greater proof of her ability as pianist than at her orchestral concert at the Queen's Hall yesterday afternoon, when she accomplished what we have always regarded as the impossible feat of making Tschaikowsky's concerto in G interesting. That this concerto is neglected by pianists is hardly surprising, for, although it certainly affords them no lack of opportunities for displaying the brilliance of their execution, it is a tedious, long-winded work, with but little inspiration. With such fire and such authority did Miss Mero play the solo, however, and so admirable was the London Symphony Orchestra, under M. Emil Mlynarski, in the orchestral accompaniments, that the music seemed to grow with a life which it does not usually possess. Evidently Miss Mero is intent upon rehabilitating unpopular music, for, later in her program, she played Liszt's concerto in A, which again she succeeded in presenting in an unusually favorable light. Indeed, she proved herself throughout to be not only a brilliant executant, but also to be an artist of an unusually poetic temperament.

Already the air is full of rumors of the coming musical season, which promises to be active not only for New York, but also for the other large musical centres which have proven themselves able to enjoy and to support music when the best comes our way.

One of the most interesting announcements that has been made is that Walter Damrosch will bring his entire orchestra of one hundred men on a Festival tour next January, to celebrate his twenty-fifth year as conductor. Many artists do not come into their first successes before reaching the present age of Mr. Damrosch; it is therefore the more significant that this practically young man has behind him a long stretch of experience and of development which has made him perhaps the strongest and most potent musical force in this country. From the moment that Mr. Damrosch assumed charge of the season of Wagnerian opera which his distinguished father, Dr. Leopold Damrosch, was giving at the time of his sudden death, Mr Damrosch has never ceased in his serious and scholarly pursuits. He has won laurels in all lines of conducting including operatic, choral and orchestral, and to the later he has devoted himself without flagging until he succeeded in bringing things to a point where it was possible to have one hundred men in daily rehearsal for the performance of symphony music only. It is readily seen that such an organization is equipped far beyond those limited to a few rehearsals. In the Festival tour promised by Mr. Damrosch, he will bring the orchestra in its entirety, and it will come from New York after its programmes have been presented at Carnegie Hall and at the series of concerts in the New Theatre. It will be in the very best possible condition, and the reception which it will receive here will be a tribute not only to the twenty-fifth anniversary of the career of the most distinguished American conductor, but it will prove beyond question that our public is able to appreciate the best when it comes, as it should come and as it will come upon this occasion.

* * *

The twenty-third Year Book of the Toronto Conservatory of Music is a publication of one hundred and sixty pages. The names of the Board of Directors and office staff are followed by those of the Faculty, a list numbering ninety-seven. The Table of Contents embraces thirty-four different subjects or heads, with specimen programmes and many details as to examinations ensemble and orchestral classes, and all matters relating to the history and objects of the institution. A full list of graduates is also printed in the Year Book from the time of inception to the present, reaching the number of five hundred and seventy-six. The illustrations include over a dozen cuts of various studios, reception and lecture rooms, concert and practice organs, and views of the adjacent Queen's Park and University Avenue.

* * *

Word has just been received from Schweningen of the success achieved by Edmund Burke, of Montreal, who was soloist for the concert given there by the Berlin Symphony Orchestra. He sang an aria, "La jolie fille de Perth," by Beget; Wagner's setting for "Les deux Grenadiers," Bemberg's "A toi" and Ronald's "Love, I Have Won You." The critics gave Mr. Burke unstinted praise.

Lake Shore Country Club.

The formal opening of the Lake Shore Country Club will be celebrated by a luncheon at their new club house at 3 p.m. on Monday, 17th inst., at which a number of distinguished guests will be present.

Owing to the limited capacity of the dining-room, it is impossible to include ladies in the list of guests, but afternoon tea will be provided for lady visitors on the spacious verandahs at 5 o'clock. The main verandah has two floors and extends 150 feet along the front of the club house, overlooking the lake. A dainty retiring room for ladies opens on to the upper verandah. About $16,000 has been spent on the club house. A military band will be in attendance from 1 o'clock until 6 p.m.

The club has been informally open since the 1st inst., and those who have lunched or dined there speak in high terms of the service.

"YES, we learn a lot about road making from experience," confided the local politician. "There was a time when a city would start in laying out streets, sewers and planting telegraph wires across nothing but empty fields. Now it is all changed. If we want to lay a sewer, first we pick out a fine, well-paved street and pave it. Then we start in and dig it up for a sewer. When the sewer's in we repave it. The street is all ready now to be dug up for laying gas pipes. Soon as that's attended to it's time to break it all up again for electric wires. Of course, it has to be repaved again when this is done, and then the street is in prime condition to be widened. Yes, sir, our forefathers didn't know the first thing about political economy."

AT SHEA'S NEXT WEEK.

By special arrangement with Chas. Frohman, Miss Eva Taylor and Company, presenting the one-act comedy "Chums," will be the headliner at Shea's Theatre next week. The special attraction for the week will be The Four Idanias, in an acrobatic novelty. Other acts included in next week's bill are: Julia Freary, Silbon's Cats, Leona Thurber and Harry Mattison, Leville and Sinclair, Fiddler and Shelton, and the Kinetograph.

Hilda—But what is the difference between a roof garden and any other garden? Harry—Well, on a roof garden the daisies bloom at night.—Chicago Daily News.

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ANECDOTAL

THE customer flung himself heavily into a chair. "Waiter, a little beefsteak and onions, please."

"Yes, sir. Have some nice ham and cabbage also?"

"No."

"How about some prime roast beef?"

"Don't want any."

"A little of our elegant tripe would do you good."

"John," called the proprietor, "what d'ye mean by annoying a customer like that?"

"Just trying to make him feel at home, sir. He's a barber."

* * *

SOME years ago the Yankee schooner, Sally Ann, under command of Capt. Spooner, was beating up the Connecticut River. Mr. Comstock, the mate, was at his station forward. According to his notion of things the schooner was getting a "leetle" too near certain mud flats which lay along the larboard shore, so aft he went to the captain, and with his hat cocked on one side said:

"Cap'n Spooner, you're getting a leetle too close to them flats. Hadn't ye better go about?"

The captain glared at him.

"Mr. Comstock, jest you go for'ard and tend to your part of the skuner. I'll tend to mine."

Mr. Comstock went for'ard in high dudgeon.

"Boys," he bellowed out, "see that ar mud hook's all clear for lettin' go!"

"Ay, ay, sir!"

"Let go, then." he roared.

Down went the anchor, out rattled the chains, and like a flash the Sally Ann came luffing into the wind, and then brought up all standing. Mr. Comstock walked aft and touched his hat.

"Well, cap'n, my part of the skuner is to anchor."

* * *

A RESIDENT of Portage la Prairie lost his wife, a very tall, scrawny body, and ordered the leading local stone cutter to prepare a tomb inscribed:

"Jane Jones,
"Lord, She Was Thine."

Unfortunately, the widower chose a very narrow headstone, and when the stone cutter got to work on it, he found it would not accommodate the full inscription. So he abbreviated a little—just a little. A little abbreviation, he was sure, would make no difference—in fact, would pass unnoticed.

But the slightly abbreviated inscription, when finished and erected in the graveyard, read:

"Jane Jones,
"Lord, She Was Thin."

* * *

LORD HARRIS, the famous cricketer, once told an amusing story of how in his young days he was persuaded to take part in a grand two-days' match organized by a certain club to open the cricket season. Great preparations were made, and the services of a local publican, who boasted of being an ex-groundsman from Lord's, were enlisted as umpire. Unfortunately, owing to the wet weather, the match seemed likely to finish out first day, as by luncheon time each of the teams had completed a single innings. On resuming, one of the bowlers made several appeals for "leg before," but the decision was always in the batsman's favor. "How's that, then?" he asked triumphantly, as he at last scattered the stumps. "No ball," roared the umpire; "and it ain't no use for you to keep on bothering, young fellow. This 'ere match has got to last two days out. That's my refreshment tent over there."

* * *

MAYOR GUTHRIE, at a dinner in Pittsburg, said of the grafters whom he had exposed:

"It was not such difficult work to catch them as some people think. Guilty men, you see, always betray themselves through their continual efforts to appear innocent.

"Thus a college professor from a well-known university at a banquet here one night drank several glasses of port. The professor did not know this wine's extraordinary strength, and in all innocence he took too much. When he rose to leave the table his legs, to his dismay, tottered and the room seemed to sway slightly.

"The horrified professor got to the parlor in safety. He sat down in the most distant corner. But soon his young hostess, leading a maid who carried her two beautiful twin babies, came to him for his approbation.

"The professor sat up very erect. He gazed at the twins glassily. Then he articulated carefully, in a hoarse, thick voice:

"'What a bonny little child.'"

* * *

"MY dear, I'm afraid that our Willie is a somnambulist," said the fond mother.

"What's he doing now?"

"Well, last night I heard a noise in his room and I crept in, and there was Willie walking about. I followed him and he went downstairs, picked up the lawn mower and the pruning hook and broom and was starting out the door when I stopped him."

"He did that while he was asleep?"

"Indeed, he did, and when I wakened him he couldn't remember a thing about it. How in the world do you explain it?"

"Oh, that's all right. Don't worry. It's funny, of course, but if he had done it while awake it would have been a blamed sight more unusual."

* * *

"WHEN visiting a certain town in the Midlands," says a medical man, "I was told of an extraordinary incident wherein the main figure, an economical housewife, exhibited, under trying circumstances, a trait quite characteristic of her. It seems that she had by mistake taken a quantity of poison—mercurial poison—the antidote for which, as all should know, comprises the whites of eggs. When this antidote was being administered, the order for which the unfortunate lady had overheard, she managed to murmur, although almost unconscious: 'Mary, Mary! Save the yolks for the puddings!'"

* * *

AT a luncheon at Sherry's the Italian prima donna, Mme. Cavalieri, described a French actress vividly.

"She is charming, but she is fickle," said Mme. Cavalieri. "On her wedding day—she is now divorced—her infatuated young husband bent over her and murmured fiercely:

"'The first time you deceive me I'll kill you!'

"She laughed softly, looking up into his sombre eyes.

"'And the second time what will you do?' she said."

* * *

THERE was a slight commotion under the sofa. The pretty girl and her fiance peeped under, and were startled to see brother Tommy's toes protruding.

"You Tommy," said his sister with much emphasis; "what are you doing under there—watching us?"

"Naw," grumbled Tommy; "I ain't watching you."

"Then what are you doing?"

"Why, I am playing that I am mending an automobile—that's what."

* * *

AMONG the prisoners brought before a Chicago police magistrate one Monday morning was one, a beggar, whose face was by no means an unfamiliar one to the judge.

"I am informed that you have again been found begging in the public streets," said his honor sternly, "and yet you carried in your pocket over $10 in currency."

"Yes, your honor," proudly returned the mendicant. "I may not be as industrious as some, but, sir, I am no spendthrift."

* * *

QUITE recently Mrs. X. gave her little son an orange, with the remark that he must give his little sister, Dorothy, the lion's share. A little later Dorothy came running to her mother with the information that Robert hadn't given her any of the orange at all.

"Why, Robert," said his mother, "didn't I tell you to give your sister the lion's share?"

"Yes, mother," came the startling answer, "but lions don't eat oranges!"

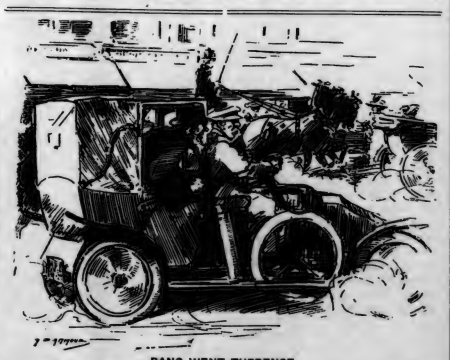
* * *

A NATIVE born American, member of a party of four business men who often lunched together, took great delight in joking the others on their foreign birth.

"It's all very well for you fellows to talk about what we need in this country," he said, "but when you come to think of it you're really only intruders. Not one of you was born here. You're welcome to this country, of course, but you really oughtn't to forget what you owe us natives who open our doors to you."

"Maybe," said an Irishman in the party, thoughtfully. "Maybe. But there's one thing you seem to forget: I came into this country with me fare paid an' me clothes on me back. Can you say the same?"

THE ONLY MAN WHO DIDN'T GO BACK TO TOWN ON MONDAY MORNING.
—Harper's Weekly.



BANG WENT TUPPENCE.

Frugal North Briton (in his first experience of a taxi): "Here, mon, stop! I hae a weak heart. I canna stand that hang't wee machine o' yours markin' up thae tuppences."—Punch.

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Briggs—A safe conversational rule is, When in doubt talk of the weather.

Griggs—Safe nothing! I met my tailor yesterday, and on my speaking of the weather he replied: "Yes, it is unsettled, and that reminds me of that little bill of yours."—Boston Transcript.

The late Spanish Pretender, Don Carlos, and his wife, the Princess de Rohan. Don Carlos died recently in Italy and was succeeded in his pretensions by his son, Don Jaime, who is an officer in the Russian army and will shortly marry a neice of the Kaiser.

The Late Pretender.

THE recent death of Don Carlos, the pretender to the Spanish throne, will recall to many, who have toured in Switzerland during the last few summers, the picturesque figure which this exiled bit of royalty made in the hotels and along the lake front of Lucerne. To many travellers, says the N.Y. Sun, it used to be far more interesting to watch the comings and goings of Don Carlos than to make the ascent of the Rigi or Pilatus.

The cosmopolitan crowd that drifts along the Schweizerhof and National Quays, composed as it is to a certain degree of the exiled element of European courts who find this smiling resort a convenient place in which to lose themselves, has an attraction that never grows tiresome. And in this assembly there was no figure more conspicuous than that of Don Carlos.

He lived in one of the big cool hotels that face the lake. Not especially in evidence during the day, it was at the dinner hour that he came into the limelight. Those who knew his habits would point out a little group, generally consisting of two women and a man in evening clothes, seated near one of the elevators. They were the little court which Don Carlos kept with him, perhaps because they were his faithful friends or perhaps because their presence was a sop to the self-esteem which apparently no reverses of fortune could take from him.

The three courtiers rose as the elevator door opened and Don Carlos and his wife stepped into the large reception room. Each of the ladies-in-waiting would approach Don Carlos and drop the deepest of courtesies. Then he would advance with magnanimity written in every move and allow them to kiss his hand. After that the ladies would courtesy to "the Queen," as the impertinent were wont to call her, as the gentlemen-in-waiting fell on one knee and bent over the royal hand.

When the little ceremony was finished the party would converse for a few minutes, joined perhaps by a few other persons around the lobby, who would approach Don Carlos with the same expressions of courtesy. They would listen to whatever he had to say with the greatest deference. Then the pretender usually with a lady-in-waiting on each side, would lead the procession in the direction of the public restaurant, waving his hands and arms freely as he talked.

When Don Carlos walked into the restaurant he was followed by every eye in the room. As he crossed the threshold he would walk ahead of the others, and at table of course the place of honor was his. The waiters would bustle about, brushing off the chairs with their napkins, the maitre d'hotel would do a great deal of finger snapping and the water boys would drop bowls of ice in the general confusion. No one sat down until he had taken his chair and he was served first as each of the courses was brought to the table. When he spoke the others retained a respectful silence, and when he chose to interrupt another speaker there was no disputing the conversational right of way. Yet with all this his table manners were not all that one would expect from royalty.

With his massive shoulders stooped far over the cloth and his big heavy face lowered to a point a few inches from his plate, Don Carlos would eat enormously, conversing volubly with those around him without regard always for the amount of food which at that moment he was in the act of swallowing.

The Blooming of the Gorse.

ALL the year, and everywhere,
Golden gorse is blooming,
Crowning cliffs, else grim and bare,
Through the sea-mists looming.

Clothing hill-slopes, roadside wastes,
Fringing rich and poor land;
Gleaming where the brooklet hastes
Through the stony moorland.

Golden on a wild March day,
Gold in sweet September,
Golden, too, in silver May,
Gold in grey November.

In the autumn see it grow
Mixed with purple heather;
See it golden 'mid the snow
In the wintry weather.

Aye it flowers in shine and gloom.
Lovers know the reason:
When the gorse is out of bloom
Kissing's out of season.

Youth's sweet longing to endorse,
Lovers to embolden.
Somewhere you will find the gorse
Blooming richly golden.

Of the gorse law have a care,
Nor to love do treason;
All the year and everywhere
Kissing is in season.

W. J. Townsend Collins.
—The Pall Mall.

"King of Waiou."

JUST before the Prime Minister left New Zealand to attend the Imperial Defence Conference in London it leaked out that the Solicitor-General was proceeding to England by the same steamer in connection with a claim for £500,000 that had been made against the Dominion concerning a large area of land which was acquired for "a mere song" from the natives prior to 1840 by a man named Webster.

When the country was constituted there lived on a little strip of land inside Coromandel Harbor, known as Herekino, a man who has been described as a big, stout, jolly individual, loud of voice, and free of manner, possessing, in addition to a strong American accent, a personality that forced its domination upon all with whom he came in contact. He had arrived as ship's carpenter upon an American whaler, and cast in his lot among the small band of pakehas scattered here and there in the midst of the cannibal lords.

William Webster was his name, and very soon he became the dictator and arbitrator between native and European over a wide range of country, including the Hauraki Gulf and its neighborhood. In short, except through the medium of William Webster, no pakeha could obtain so much land as would give room for his tent or whare. He was the bosom friend of the great Coromandel chief Hooknose, whose daughter he was given in marriage.

Webster settled in the land, and established trading stations all over the gulf and Firth of Thames. Through these he reaped a rich profit by buying and exporting shiploads of maize, potatoes, and other food from the natives to New South Wales. Webster's headquarters were at Herekino, where he kept a boarding-house for the convenience of the numerous adventurous spirits who came and went. From the influence and power he exercised over Maori and pakeha, Webster obtained the sobriquet of "King of Waiou."

When the commission was appointed by Governor Hobson in 1841 to settle the question of land claims, Webster's claims to possessions included wide areas in the choicest spots bordering the Gulf of the Waitemata.

It is stated that Webster also laid claim to the whole of the Great Barrier Island, while the Piako country met with considerable attention when these various "landholders" were required to give an account of their proprietorship and its origin. Webster agreed to declare himself a claimant as an Englishman, not as an American citizen, and when the allotments were made his huge estates dwindled down to mere backyard sections by comparison. Apparently, with the majority of the other dispossessed ones, he accepted the situation philosophically, and little or nothing was heard in protest from him until in the early fifties, when he left New Zealand for the California goldfields in search of further fortune.

Some time later a claim was received from Webster, who was then in San Francisco, and either the original claimant or his heirs have since, at intervals, been pressing their claims against the New Zealand Government for this dispossessed property. Some few years ago Sir Robert Stout was commissioned to sift the whole matter and report thereon, the result being that Webster as a claimant was ruled out of court.

In 1887 the Committee on Foreign Affairs reported to the United States Senate on the claims, recommending that measures be taken to secure to William Webster a just settlement and final adjustment of his claim against Great Britain to lands acquired from native chiefs "prior to February 6, 1840, and prior to any right of Great Britain to the said islands," but Sir Robert Stout's report upon the case resulted in the claim being once more thrown out as unjustifiable. Nothing daunted, the heirs of the claimant moved in the matter again in 1893, securing a recommendation from the committee of the Senate that "special reprisals" be resorted to if the claims were not considered. Again reporting against the claim, Sir Robert Stout remarked:—"I am not aware whether it is usual in a document asking for consideration of claims of a citizen to threaten the Government to which such a document is addressed in such a manner. In private society, in a civilized State, it is not unusual to threaten your antagonist with revolvers and bowie knives, or even to state there will be an appeal to a judicial tribunal if your arguments are not listened to; and I would respectfully submit that this threat of reprisals shows weakness on the part of the committee."

THE mother of the twins found them fighting furiously. Willie, the larger twin, was on top. He was beating Tommy about the face and head.

"Why, Willie, how dare you strike your brother like that!" cried the mother, taking the boy by the ear and pulling him off.

"I had good cause to strike him," answered Willie.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"Why," said Willie with a righteous air, "didn't I let him use my sled all last Saturday on condition that he'd say my prayers for me all this week? And here I've just found out that he's skipped three days."

THE fatal word had just been spoken. The rejected suitor stood before her listening to her elaborate explanations of her decision.

"I trust that I have made myself sufficiently plain," she said.

"Well, I would scarcely go so far," he answered as his courage gradually returned. "It's but fair to give nature the credit for that," he added as he retired in good order.

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BOOKS

MR. GEORGE MOORE once asked regarding a certain writer, What was he the author of? When we say Shakespeare, Balzac, Goethe, Wagner, we do not think of the titles of their works. But Flaubert we know as the author of "Madame Bovary," Bizet as the composer of "Carmen," or Moreau as the artist who first gave the world a marvellous "Salome." Of what is George Moore the author? asks the N.Y. Sun. Several critics whose opinions have the ring of finality believe that in painting the portrait of the mean souled Mildred Lawson he created a new figure in fiction. What then of Esther Waters? It may be suggested that after all Esther is the type, a poor, colorless type at that, of thousands of unhappy English servant girls. Nevertheless, it was a feat to set her before us so vividly, in a manner that at moments recalls both Dickens and Zola. Moore spent his formative years in Paris and could not escape the turbid surf of the new naturalism. He shows its color and mass in that real story, "A Mummer's Wife," which, oddly enough, contains descriptions of the pottery country that Thomas Hardy might have signed, and for a heroine—if Kate Ede can be allotted such a high sounding title—a woman who has a little of Emma Bovary and something of Zola's Gervaise in her makeup; the pretty vanity of the one and the terrible thirst of the other. A human tale, and in spirit not French at all. Dick Lenox, sensual as a mutton chop, is a character absolutely vital and familiar. We have learned to hate the phrase "a human document," so uncritically abused has it been, yet it suits "A Mummer's Wife."

It is said by those who know him that Moore is far from pleased when any one talks of his early novels. "Mike Fletcher" he considers a youthful error, though plenty of his admirers see it as a big, bold, gross and unequal book. Mike is also a living person, not a pale adumbration of polite fiction. That he was both a blackguard and poet need not concern us. The amalgam is not infrequently encountered. As for Mildred Lawson, she is the most selfish girl we ever encountered between book covers; not wicked, but temperamentally chilly, and egotist to the bone. Even Balzac, Turgenief and Tolstoy did not anticipate her. She is as modern as to-morrow, as modern as Hedda Gabler. What then shall we say is George Moore to be considered the author of? If we follow his lead it will be an easy answer: "Evelyn Innes" and "Sister Teresa" (they are both one story and have been revised and rewritten several times). Evidently the work is its author's favorite, and his devotion in thus remoulding what he considered his early faulty efforts, while not without a precedent, must have been a labor of love. And what a labor!

* * *

IN a public speech not long ago Mr. Winston Churchill alluded to a "shortfall" in the British revenue. "The Manchester Guardian" is inclined to admire this new word, and notes a tendency toward the revival of the compounding power of English. These examples are given:

People have long grown familiar with "foreword" for preface, though it is scarcely more than a generation old. "Output" was only a technical term of the iron and coal trades thirty years ago; now it is one of the hardest worked and most respectable words in the language. Physiologists are much interested at present in our proteid "intake." Not very long ago "intake" was a dialect word meaning in inspiration of the breath, the bringing in of the crops, and a number of other things. Stevenson used it in one of these meanings—an intake of the breath—but it has hardly yet got into the educated man's vocabulary except in its medical use. Many such compounds still survive in true popular speech. "Backset," for example (in the sense of "setback") and "backsend" (recoil). Some are finding their way into the general vocabulary. We are beginning to speak without consciousness, for instance, of people being quick (or slow) at the "uptake." Americans are still making them; they "sidestep" an obstacle instead of dodging it, and "sidetrack" a train instead of shunting it.

* * *

PERIODICALLY some one brings up the question, says the N.Y. Tribune, as to how far a novelist is justified in making use in his work of a living personage. Every one admits that within bounds he is free to take his "copy" where he finds it, but it is difficult to define the bounds. The full length portrait, however, is pretty generally regarded as not only a risky but an injudicious thing. A capital contribution to the subject has lately been made by Mr. Arnold Bennett, who has had a play produced satirizing some of the methods of modern journalism. Forthwith it was assumed that the leading character in "What the Public Wants" was intended to represent Lord Northcliffe, of "The Daily Mail." In repudiating the idea, Mr. Bennett placed himself on record as abiding by the principle thus expressed: "An artist whose aim is creatively to criticise the institutions, habits and tendencies of his age has no time to squander in the facile game of copying individuals." The point is well taken, and we wonder why it does not more often commend itself to the modern novelist. Perhaps the copying of individuals in some contemporary fiction is only part and parcel of that rather commercial movement which aims at the exploitation of matters of current general interest. The novelist has hated to leave to the "muck-raker" those conspicuous personalities in whom the public is supposed to be interested.

* * *

RUDYARD KIPLING, whose new poem has been the cause of so much discussion, is probably the best paid of all living authors. The story goes that when he sold one of his books to a publisher at a rate that worked out at one shilling a word, a certain joker wrote to him enclosing a shilling postal order, and saying that he himself would like one word. The reply came later on; Mr. Kipling had kept the postal order for which he returned, written on a large sheet of paper, the one word "Thanks."

* * *

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton is at work upon a new novel which will be published in the spring. It deals with life in the operatic and diplomatic worlds.

* * *

An English publisher recently opened a competition for novelists and took a very decided stand in the matter of the judges. These, he maintained, should all be women. He persuaded Mrs. Flora Annie Steel, Miss Mary Cholmondeley and Mrs. Roger de la Pasture to serve on the Jury.

A descendant of Napoleon as Napoleon: Mr. Juan Bonaparte in "The Death of Napoleon Buonaparte."

* * *

Sidney McCall (Mary McNeil Fenollosa), the author of "Red Horse Hill," etc., when scarcely more than a girl, was living in another part of Japan when the late Lafcadio Hearn began his studies of that country. In her home in Tokio Mrs. Fenollosa wrote her first novel, "Truth Dexter," a book which had a phenomenal success. "The Breath of the Gods" was the outcome of her impressions of the situation in Japan and Russia just before the crisis, but it was written after her return to America. Mrs. Fenollosa comes of an artistic family. Both of her parents were writers. Her father, William Stoddard McNeil, was a poet of ability, and a lover and keen student of nature.

* * *

The prediction has been made that Alfred Noyes will one day take the place in English literature vacated by Swinburne. His "Drake," an epic in twelve volumes, is about to be published in America by the Frederick A. Stokes Company. It was this work that won Swinburne's praise as a "noble, patriotic, historic poem" and Kipling's assurance that "The tale held me from one end to the other."

A New One on Mary.

Mary had a little lamb
And it began to sicken:
She sent it off to Packingtown
And now it's labeled "Chicken."

"Why, the firm I represent," said the travelling salesman, "can sell you anything a civilized man or woman can conceive of. There's no end to the business branches in all parts of the world, and as for our central office"—

"You employ a lot of people, I suppose?"

"Employes! Why, at the first of the year when we took a census of the employes it was found that eight bookkeepers and sixteen cashiers were missing, and it was the first we knew about it."

The Art of Catching Alligators.

A MOST exciting and often dangerous sport practised in Florida is that of hooking alligators and capturing them alive, says Harper's Weekly. Compared with this, the customary method of hunting alligators at night by the glare of a bull's-eye lantern and armed with a heavily loaded shotgun is exceedingly tame.

The requisites for alligator-catching are a long pole with a heavy metal hook on the end and a plentiful supply of strong rope. Thus equipped, the hunters search for a 'gator hole whose owner is at home. These are located either in a dense mass of grass and vegetation, where the mouth is worn smooth by the passage of the beast in his daily trips out and in, or have been dug in the side of a river bank. Often the holes are fifteen or twenty feet in depth and it is then a difficult task for any but an expert to bring the animals into the open.

When a suitable hole is found that gives promise of being inhabited the spiked end of the pole is jabbed into it to probe for the beast. If the alligator is at home he is poked repeatedly until, becoming thoroughly enraged, he grabs the pole. The hook catches in his jaws and, in spite of all resistance, the animal is dragged forth. A noose has previously been spread before the opening to the den, and when the alligator finds himself confronted by his tormentors he turns and twists about, completely entangling himself in the ropes. His legs and jaws are then securely tied and the prisoner is ready to be removed.

"Now, Girls!"

"COURTSHIP" is the latest subject added to the curriculum of girls' secondary schools in Japan. Some of the advice given to Japanese maidens is as follows:

The well bred girl will not hand round her photographs to her admirers, neither will she accept theirs.

Should she be so unfortunate as to fall in love before becoming engaged she must be careful to conceal the fact, and bear in mind that a proposal of marriage can never come from her.

An English school teacher, impressed by this Japanese advice, suggests a few precepts for English maidens with whom she has had long and intimate experience. Her maxims are:

Do not giggle at every man who is introduced to you as though he is some strange animal or must as a matter of course be your admirer.

Learn to meet a young man frankly and treat him in a sisterly way unless there is some very definite reason for supposing he wishes to marry you.

Do not think too much of any one man and imagine yourself in love because you think it is due to your self respect to pose as owning an admirer. Be proud of belonging to yourself till the right man comes and be friends with all boys.

Most certainly do not hand round photographs to every Tom, Dick and Harry with whom you dance or play tennis. Remember many bachelor rooms are adorned with crowds of "dear little girls" whose stories are talked over with other men and women.

Never let any man think you cannot do without him till he becomes your husband.

Above all, do not be in a hurry to get married. You may miss the best thing in life through being in a hurry.

Don't be afraid of being an old maid.

School Customs.

J. L. PATON, headmaster of Manchester Grammar School, in a speech at Rochdale, referred to a custom at Rugby School which forbids a boy of less than three years' standing to turn up his trousers and insists on his doing so after that period.

The custom is only a minor instance of the quaint practices that exist at all the great public schools, and are maintained with religious care, though in many cases their origin is obscure or unknown. The Shrove Tuesday tossing of the pancake at Westminster School, with its ensuing scramble for the largest fragment, which gains for its possessor a guinea from the dean, is perhaps the best known among them.

A curious custom at Marlborough requires every boy to bring to school with him a cushion, technically termed a "kish"—with the "i" long. This article is his inseparable companion in school time, and in addition to the ordinary functions of a cushion is employed to carry books from one form room to another.

At Shrewsbury School at the beginning of each term "hall elections" are held for the posts of hall crier, hall constable, hall postman and hall scavengers. The genial brutality of youth often selects for the position of hall crier either the most nervous boy in the school or one who is afflicted with a stammer.

The new boy in the school house at Rugby is early called upon to take his part in "house singing." At this function, which is held in one of the dormitories, he has to render a song to the satisfaction of his audience, the penalty being the swallowing of a mouthful of soapy water.

Another ancient school custom is the parade of the Christ's Hospital bluecoat boys before the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House on St. Matthew's Day, when the "Grecians," who correspond to "sixth formers" elsewhere, receive a guinea each and the rank and file of the school are presented with new shillings.

A Tru' Salt.

O SOME they likes the country-side,
Green fields and uplands brown,
An' some they fancies the crowded streets
An' the noisy bustlin' town;
But give to me the clean salt smell
Of the tumblin', tossin' sea,
With an honest ship beneath my feet
An' the wind a-blowin' free.

O some they takes a pride an' joy
In drivin' a furrow straight,
An' some they hustles a motor-car
At a rattlin', murderin' rate;
But give to me the staunch, stout wheel
Of a ship as knows my 'and,
An' feels 'er way across the sea
To an unseen far-off land.

O some they lies when life is done
'Neath quiet grass-grown mounds,
An' some they 'as to take their rest
In the close-packed city grounds;
But give to me, when my time comes,
And I no more may roam,
To be dropt o'erboard in my shotted shroud
That the sea may take me home.
—Punch.

THE Zoological Gardens, of London, have been the scene of a sad parting of a dog with its wolf foster-brother. George, the great timber wolf, and Billie, the collie-Gordon-setter mongrel, have been among the sights of the Zoological Gardens for three or four years. They occupied the same cage, and visitors were puzzled to know whether the dog was a defenceless dog or a strange variety of wolf, well able to look after itself. Now Billie has been sent away to "save him from his friend," for the wolf-nature had asserted itself in George, and the poor dog was in danger of being killed. The presence of the dog in the cage is explained by the fact that wolf and dog are foster-brothers, Billie's mother looking after George's wants from the time he was born. When George was a growing cub a member of the council of the Zoological Society took both cub and puppy into the country for six months. Unleashed, they ran together, chasing rabbits and having a splendid time. Towards the end of that period George, then more than half-grown, betrayed an unhealthy interest in sheep. His nature was too deeply implanted to be much modified, and, though otherwise a lovable beast of prey, he had to be sent back to Regent's Park. He and Billie shared one cage in perfect friendship, save perhaps that the dog had a tendency to bully the wolf. This year George refused to be "hustled" or give up the sunniest spot in the cage, or to put himself out for Billie in the slightest. The breach widened, till finally Billie's position grew precarious. Occasionally he was driven to take refuge in his kennel, sometimes sustaining quite a siege. It was evident that with George's maturity all possibilities of continuing this miniature happy family had ended, and Billie is now no longer in the gardens.

From a Bottle.

I never use a hook and line,
To scare the fish to death,
Because I am so anxious that
I fish with baited breath.

A Newark man was walking down to business one morning, when he saw a young woman with a baby in her arms sitting on a church-step and weeping. The man, whom we shall call Jones, was touched by her apparent distress, and asked her what was the cause of it. "I walked into town," she replied, "to have my baby baptized, and now it will cost me three dollars to have the service performed. I haven't the money, and I don't know what to do." "Well, that's a small matter," said Jones; "I haven't three dollars in change, but here's a ten-dollar bill. Take it, and I will wait here for the change." The woman returned in a short time, and handed Jones seven dollars. He patted the child's head and went down-town, rejoicing in his own goodness. He felt good all that day, and his countenance shone with an unusual brightness. His associates all noted the change, and finally one of them asked him the cause of it. "I am happier than usual to-day," said Jones, "and the reason of it is that I did three good things on my way down-town this morning." He related the occurrence, and wound up by saying: "So I performed a deed of charity, started a little child on its way to Paradise, and got seven good dollars for a counterfeit ten-dollar bill."

The maximum length of life of some of the best known animals is as follows: The horse lives to a maximum of thirty-five years and the donkey a like period; the dog does not exceed twenty-five years, the rabbit from eight to ten, the goose thirty, the duck, the hen and the turkey a dozen years.

Among the animals having the best established reputation for longevity are: The crow, which lives a hundred years; the parrot and the elephant, which attain an age of 150 years. Carp, on the other hand, appear to have usurped their reputation, which was based on ill understood facts from Chantilly and Fontainbleau. They rarely become centenarians. The tortoise appears to be the animal that lives the longest, and the record of longevity is surely held by one weighing 250 kilograms, which was presented in 1904 to the London Zoological Gardens by Walter de Rothschild and which is said to have been born in 1750.

The right spirit to show in the face of misfortune was that displayed by a Missouri farmer who lost $50,000 worth of crops and other property by the recent floods. A friend discovered him in a restaurant eating his breakfast cheerfully. "Yes," he said, "the flood's pretty bad, pretty bad. But I was out in my wheat field last night and gigged two of the finest fish I ever saw. Browned in a little cornmeal they certainly tasted good for breakfast this morning. If there's anything I like it's fresh fish. Finest breakfast I've had in a year."

A clergyman, who was not averse to an occasional glass, hired an Irishman to clean out his cellar. The Irishman began his work. He brought forth a lot of empty whisky bottles, and as he lifted each one looked through it at the sun. The preacher, who was walking on the lawn, saw him, and said: "They are all dead ones, Pat." "They are!" said Pat. "Well, there is one good thing about it, they all had the minister with them when they were dying."

"Mary, after the week is out I shan't need your services," the boarding-house keeper told her cook. "Your cooking doesn't suit me."

"But the boarders seem to like it, ma'am."

"Yes. That's why I must get another cook."

Births, Marriages and Deaths

BIRTHS.

DENISON—At Mussooree, India, on the 3rd July, 1909, the wife of Captain Garnet W. Denison, Royal Engineers, of a son.

GRAYSON-SMITH—At 173 Lowther avenue, Toronto, on Wednesday, August 11, 1909, the wife of J. Grayson-Smith, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

GOLDIE — WHITLAW — On Tuesday, August 10, 1909, at the Queen's Hotel, Toronto, Maud Irene Whitlaw, to Harry Goldie, both of Paris, Ont.

DEATHS.

CARTER—On Wednesday evening, August 11, 1909, at Guelph, George Hume Carter, aged 82 years.

SMYTH—At 18 Isabella street, on Wednesday, August 11, 1909, Isabella Smyth.

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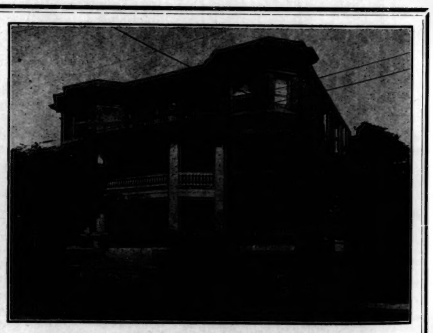

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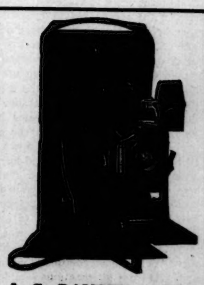

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Mr. Gnagg at the Seaside

MR. Gnagg, having taken Mrs. Gnagg for a dip in the sea, instructs her in the art of swimming in the following persuasive and encouraging terms:

Well, you're coming into the water, aren't you? How's that? Do you call that water that you're standing in? Do I? No, I don't. From where I stand it looks as if you're about up to your ankles in a mixture of foam, seaweed and cantaloupe rind.

Y' don't expect to learn how to swim standing on the beach and looking the game over, do you? If that was your idea what did you drag me down here for on this hot day? Why didn't you hit up terms with one of these correspondence schools and learn how to swim by mail?

Come on out here. You don't have to be afraid to get your feet a little damp. They're not going to melt. And you're not worrying about moistening that funny valentine bathing suit, are you?

Say, where did you cop out that set of Mardi Gras bathing togs, anyhow? If that wouldn't take prize number one at a Larry Mulligan ball, then the judges 'ud need operations on their eyes for complete eclipse, that's all I've got to say.

Oh, no, I haven't said you were a sight. I haven't said a word except to invite you to stroll out here into about four and a quarter inches of water so's to get at least that much of that joke bathing suit out of the public view. That's all I said.

Well, come on. Don't stand there trying to look coy and all that stuff. Just walk out here to where I'm standing. Water's almost up to my knees here, as you can see, and that doesn't mean that you're going to be swept to a watery grave before you get a chance to find if your puffs are on straight, does it?

Nothing's going to bite you. There are no crocodiles or hippopotamuses mooching around at this exact spot, and if any thirty-foot-over-all woman eating sharks show up where I'm standing before you get here—and that'll be next Tuesday week—I'll hand them a kick in the teeth and chase them back to their deep water lair.

Well, I'm waiting out here for you, you know. I didn't come down to this beach, you understand, to be made a spectacle of. Everybody on the beach is kidding us already; can't you see that? There's a gang of snapshottists back of you getting ready to blaze away, and I don't blame 'em at that. That bathing suit you've got on would be a knockout on one of those seaside picture postals.

Now, look a-here, d'ye want me to trudge in there and get you? Is that your idea? How's that? You're afraid? Afraid of what? Huh? Oh, you want time to think it over, eh?

That's it, is it? What d'ye expect me to do—squat down here and write a few letters and crochet a couple more tabs to a tidy while you're making up your mind whether you want to get the toes of your stockings wet or not?

Huh? O-o-oh, the water's co-o-old, is it? It's nothing of the sort cold. On the contrary, it's positively tepid. It's too warm for comfort. Maybe you'd like me to order 'em to have it heated for you? A little salt water a couple of degrees below blood heat Fahrenheit isn't going to kill you, anyhow.

That's it, come on out here and I'll try and see what I can do toward giving you a little tip or two about the swimming thing. Huh? Want me to come in and take a hold of you so's you won't be swept off your feet, eh? Ha, ha! Behave that fooling, won't you? You don't call these little wimpling wavelets sure enough surf, do you? You've got as much chance of being swept off your feet as you have of being cast away on a chicken coop in the Indian Ocean from the gun deck of a Canarsie Bay catamaran.

Here, what are you digging your fingernails into me that way for? Stop that. What ails you, anyhow? Have you discovered that you're standing on top of a Galapagos turtle, or what?

Oh, you're afraid again, eh? Well, you needn't let that afraid stuff cause you to peel all of my pelt off with your finger nails. I've got a-hold of you and you're not going to drop into Davy Jones's locker while I'm on the job; and the locker is situated more than six inches beneath the surface of brackish water, anyhow.

You want to learn how to swim, don't you? That's what you've been dishing out all this long time, isn't it?—that you just loved to see a woman swim, and that it must be perfectly grand for a woman to know how to conduct herself in the water, and all that fluff? Eh?

Well, then, just keep still for half a second, and take that half nelson away from my neck and stop clutching at my ribs with your finger nails, and quit glaring around that way as if somebody was trying to tomahawk you, and just keep your feet on the ground insead of trying to climb up me—I'm not a flagpole, you know—and I'll try to start you along, anyhow, on this swimming thing.

The first idea you've got to drill into your head, you know, if you ever expect to learn to keep still in the water, much less to swim, is confidence. C-o-n-f-i-d-e-n-c-e, confidence.

You're not lacking in that when you're at home. That goes as a matter of course. But this isn't at home. This is in all of eight inches of brackish water, and what you need when you're in any kind of water is confidence. Get that? Well, if you got, it, what are you clawing at my neck for like a monkey in a cage?

Now, take the idea of floating. That's what I'm going to teach you first—how to float. You lie on your back in the water—say, let go of me for a second, will you, till I show you? How'm I going to illustrate the floating idea to you if you hang on to me that way?

Just turn me loose for an eighth of a second, wont' you—take your hands completely away from me, that's what I mean—and I'll show you how absolutely impossible it is for a human being to go down in the water if he only keeps perfectly still and—

Now, see here, how many times have I got to ask you to stop clawing me around the neck that way? Huh? You're afraid to let go of me out here in this deep water? Why, you poor simpleton, the water hasn't swashed up as high as your belt line yet, and—

How's that? You'll let go of me so's I can show you how to float if we get in closer to the shore? Oh, that's it, hey? Maybe you'd like me to teach you how to float on the hotel porch? Or perhaps you've got the idea that I ought to take you up to the top of the Singer Building and teach you how to float up there?

You've got to have a little water to float in, you know. You never saw anybody floating in a dishpan, did you? Well, then. All you've got to do is to release me from that death grip for just half a minute and I'll show you—

Oh, you want to be shown some other time, hey? Great. Fine. This isn't the time to teach you how to float at all.

This is the fitting time to teach you how to keep books and to take an annual inventory. Maybe you'd like to have me pounce upon the present moment to instruct you in the art of reading the globes and of making paper flowers?

Well, if you're not going to let go of me so's I can show you how the floating thing is done, why, I'll just float you and show you how it's managed. How's that? Now, stop that squealing, for heaven's sake, and I'll have you floating on top of the water before you can say Jack Robinson.

No, I'm not going to let go of you. That's what I ought to do, but I know perfectly well that the minute I'd take my hand away from supporting your back you'd let out a squawk that 'ud cause the both of us to be pinched for disturbing the peace. So I'll keep my hand under you all the time, see?

Now, here, just lie back in the water, and— What's that? You dont' want to get your hair wet? Ha, ha! Great again. Fine once more.

Say, what d'ye expect is going to happen to your hair when you get into the ocean? D'ye suppose it's going to be burnt off? Or do you think Neptune is going to marcel wave it, or something like that? And how the dickens are you going to get your hair wet, anyhow, with that red cap pulled down over your ears that way? And if your hair does get a drop or two of water on it, what's the—

Huh? Salt water makes the hair sticky? Oh, that's it, is it? Well, say, if salt water is going to make your hair stick the way your hands are sticking around my neck, I'm—

Say, wait a minute. Can you imagine how anybody can float in the water or in the air or anywhere else if she's going to insist upon keeping her feet nailed to the sand? Hey? Or are you trying to hand me one in an indirect way? That is to say, are you trying to intimate that I'm not capable of taking care of you in the water, or anywhere else, when it comes to that? Are you trying to put it over that I'm such a booby and mutt in the water that I wouldn't know how to take care of you in case anything terrific happen to you in six and a quarter inches of water?

Because, you know, if that's your idea, if you dragged me down here on this sizzling day when I didn't want to come at all, just for the purpose of staking me to a slap like that, why I'm going to have something to say in rebuttal, you know. I'm not going to stand around like a Stoughten bottle in ankle deep water and permit you to get away with a —

Well, then, if you had no such idea, and really want to learn how to swim, what in the dickens is your idea in persistently refusing to let me—

How's that? Strong current here? Tush! Stuff and balderdash! There's no current here at all. It's like some little creek. Now all you've got to do is to relax. Just relax every muscle and trust to me and lie flat on your back on top of the water and I'll have hold of you every minute of the time, see? I just want to show you that—

Huh? Getting out further all the time? Nothing of the sort? I can't support you in a floating position if there's not water enough to—

At this point a comber slapped Mr. Gnagg in the back and turned him over a couple of times. Mrs. Gnagg having seen the water coming was able to disentangle herself from Mr. Gnagg and to hold her feet and then to wade out to the sand. Picking himself up and joining Mrs. Gnagg on the beach, Mr. Gnagg regarding her with a baleful glare, concluded his swimming lesson as follows:

All right. That settles it.

Get your clothes on. It's back to the city for you, and when we get there we'll go over this little affair, you and I. I can see now that you brought me down here for the deliberate purpose of showing me up, and you deliberately tripped me when you saw that breaker coming too, didn't you?

Deliberately tripped me so's to get me the laugh from all of these fatheads and rummies around here. All right. I know when I've got enough. You can't get your clothes on any too quick to suit me.

I'll think out a course of action on our way to the city, and when I've thought it out you want to stand by to watch my smoke, that's all I've got to say!—N.Y. Sun.

HENRY HUDSON.
This picture of the great explorer is from a painting in the possession of Mr. H. C. Bellew, of Montreal. It was brought to Canada by his grandfather and has been in the family for several generations, the Bellews being related to the Hudsons. The picture is ascribed to Rubens.

At present the monastery of St. Bernard costs about $9,000 a year to keep up. This money is partly collected in Switzerland and partly derived from the revenue of the monastic order.

In the Middle Ages the monastery was stripped of all its wealth, though it still continued and continues to this day to carry out the work of St. Bernard.

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"The first day out was perfectly lovely," said the young lady just back from abroad. "The water was as smooth as glass, and it was simply gorgeous. But the second day was rough and—er—decidedly disgorgeous!"

Johnson—Bear up, old man—crying won't bring your wife back.

Jackson—I know it—if it would I would stop.

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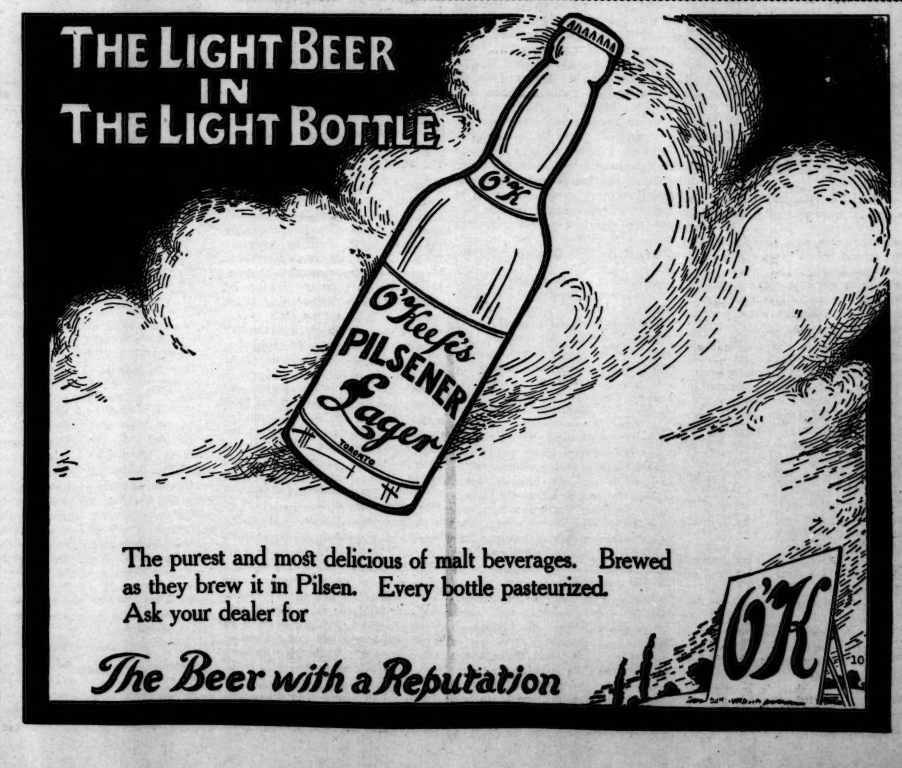


The Rainbow Camellia

(*Continued from page 9.*)

health, and as Nell refused to come on the plea of being a bad sailor, I was obliged to make the journey alone. One place was much the same as another to me, provided the instructions of my physicians were carried out; so, taking the first chance that presented itself, I embarked for China on a Three Star Liner.

Among the stewards figured a red-haired creature, freckled and stumpy. He was neither my table or berth attendant, yet he never failed, when by accident I caught his eye, to salute me with a knowing grin. This mark of recognition led me to examine him closely, in the expectation of finding a former client or servant. I could not recall his features, yet they seemed to be familiar to me. We were in the Bay of Biscay when I spoke to him. The ship was rolling heavily, and on my way to lie down in my cabin I met with my red-polled friend. He smiled as usual, and I asked him if he knew me.

"No, sir," said he with a grin, "but 'Lizer knows y', sir."

"'Lizer?"

"M' sister, sir, 'Lizer Drupp es was."

"Ah, that accounts for the familiar look of your face. You are her brother Sam."

"Yessir. Shell I 'elp y' long t' y' bunk, sir?"

"If you please."

By this unexpected meeting the circumstances of the case recurred to my mind, and I was pleased to meet with Sam. It was he who had brought the camellia to Eliza, and I wished to learn where he procured it, and also why his sister had married her enemy. Sam was not unlike my former client, but. owing to his vocation, he had a less pronounced cockney accent. At times, however, the Londoner peeped out.

"How is Eliza?" I asked, when safely bestowed in my bunk. "And where is Eliza?"

"In Paraguay with 'er 'usband, sir. They're es 'eppy es th' doy es long."

"That is rather curious, Drupp, considering her husband was a witness in the case of——"

Sam interrupted me at this moment by laughing violently. I checked his untoward mirth with a frown, whereupon he wiped his eyes and apologized.

"'Scuse me, sir, but I ken't 'elp laufin' when I thenk of thet 'ere caise. Y' got 'Lizer foive 'un'red, y' did, sir. She an' George 'ave bought a ranch in Paraguay an' are getting on fine. Don Jorge 'e is now, sir, an' 'Lizer's quite t' laidy."

"Her bad luck was the cause of her good luck," said I epigrammatically; "it was a fortunate thing for Eliza that you brought her that rainbow camellia from China."

Sam grinned and again apologized.

"Bless y', sir, I didn't bring no camelliar fro' Chiner, sir."

"Then how did Eliza become possessed of the second plant?"

"George, sir; 'e got 'er a slip off t' Foxton plant."

"George!" repeated I in amazement; "but he gave evidence against her. If he got her the slip he must have known that——"

"'Course 'e did, sir. It was all ploy-actin'. 'Lizer wrote 'ome an' told all about it."

"Then you can tell me all about it, Drupp. As I conducted the case I should like to hear the sequel. It may explain why Eliza married Beanfield."

"Thet it do, sir." said Sam, grinning. "It were this waiy, sir. 'Lizer 'ad no money, an' George 'adn't enough to marry on. Th'y wanted to git spliced, an' so 'it on a plan to git money. 'Lizer she was readin' about a cove es got a thousan' poun's fur bein' put in quod when e' was innercent, so ses t' George, 'Cawn't we try the saime gaime on an' git enough t' marry on?" An' George, sir, 'ad an idear—'e's a lon-'eaded chap, sir—fur bein' a gardiner to t' Foxton Society 'e knew whot a lot th'y thought of thet blessed camelliar. So 'e steals a slip an' tells 'Lizer to mek it grow, an' tell father es I browght it fro' Chiner. She arsked me to soy so, an' not knowin' 'er gaime I sid so. But I never knowed anythin' about it, sir. Then 'Lizer meks it grow es George ses, tho' 'twas a long toime growin'. When t' flowers come, she taiks one t' Foxton an' walks into th' green-'ouse an'——"

"I see it was all arranged between them so as to sue the society and get damages?"

"Yessir. George nipped off a bud an' burnt it, 'e did. Then 'Lizer, wearin' 'er own, comes out an' 'e puts 'er in quod."

"And between the two of them they clear £500?"

"Yessir, an' then 'e marries 'er. D'y' see, sir?"

"I see, Drupp, and I must say they are a nice pair."

"Thet th'y are, sir. I'd a split their gaime 'ad I knowed it."

After delivering this opinion Drupp departed and I was left to ruminate over his story. I quite believed that he was ignorant of the plot, but I was satisfied that had he known he would only have held his tongue if well paid. It was useless to give the benefit of the doubt to one who was of the same stock as Eliza. That artful girl knew her family too well to entrust them with her secret, and, less legal expenses, she and her fellow-conspirator got the whole of the damages to themselves. Much as I condemned their rascality. I could not but admire the cleverness with which they had planned and carried out their scheme. They had deceived Drupp, they had deceived the society, they had deceived me. Their comedy was extremely well acted, and ended quite to their satisfaction. Therefore, I say that country wits are at times equal to those of townbred folks, for though the idea was Eliza's, the conception and execution of the scheme emanated from the bucolic brain of George.

I told the whole story to my wife when I returned home, and she was very severe on her former housemaid. Naturally enough she could not keep it to herself, and in a short time the history of the deception soon became town talk. At first the members of the Horticultural Society were angered at being so treated, but as the delinquents were in South America, it was wisely concluded to let the matter drop. They possessed both rainbow camellias, and. warned by the trickery of George and Eliza, watched the plants with renewed vigilance. I do not think that any one else will have the chance of stealing a slip of the Foxton fetich, but should a third rainbow camellia make its appearance in the market, old Bendel is quite resolved not to be hoodwinked a second time. He often regrets that he did not give Eliza six months, but it is too late now, as the conspirators are farming in Paraguay. They ought to rear a rainbow camellia, if only to remind them of their iniquity.

Sporting Notes.

IN a recent issue of Sporting Life there is an interesting article on that eternal question of the difference between English and American methods in sport. It is an article by "Old Blue" on the speech made by Prof. Slocum of Colorado College, wherein the professor says that the English system of athletics is preferable to the American. "Old Blue" agrees with the professor of course, and hopes that the English will never specialize like the Yankee, and here is what he has to say on the question:

"The American methods decried by President Slocum imply training in and out of season. A six months preparation is thought nothing of in the States: in fact, any athlete, to stand above mediocrity in his chosen sport. has to be in harness the greater portion of the year. So severe a tax is this upon the time and energies of those engaged in other occupations that it is quite impossible for them to attend to business, with the inevitable result. Nor is that the worse feature in this connection seemingly. A wrong sort of hero worship is engendered, it appears, while leading sportsmen are in danger of being puffed up by undue adulation—but enough. Many of these evils are more or less in existence in our own country. In very large measure President Slocum's warning applies to British as well as American sport, and the converse obtains. That is to say, English sportsmen cannot yet be accused of making their favorite pastime too important in its details. The personal equation is not so pronounced in this country for one thing. Men of exceptional ability in varied sport are frequently in evidence, of course, but they are not made nearly so much of. Nor are so called "specialists" so many in number. An American athlete, for instance, will specialize for one particular event and stick to it. An Englishman will risk a well earned reputation as an expert in one sport by dawdling with another, to manifest disadvantage. Excellence in one thing often presupposes excellence in another, I am aware; yet nobody knows better than the specialist in athletics how weak he is outside of his favorite sport. Judged by results alone, the American's policy is the wiser, but then, that is President Slocum's very point. His contention that Americans make sport far too much of a business holds good, I think, when compared with our own methods.

"There is an old saying that whatever you do you should do well, which —like many other old sayings—is very untrue and very dangerous in its lack of truth. But nowhere is it more untrue than in reference to our amusements. To play billiards is the amusement of a gentleman, to wit, but to play them preeminently well is the life work of a man who, in learning to do so, must have devoted his whole energies to the task. Chess, perhaps, is of all recreations the one most adapted for intellectual persons, but to be preeminent at chess is generally to be that and nothing else. And the same thing may be said with more or less justice of all games. The American devotes months of toil, self-denial and almost grim devotion to his preparation for competition, and gets to work daily as if his very life depended upon the issue. No relaxation is allowed. In good and bad weather alike the full rigor of the game is insisted upon by his trainer and loyally observed. The Englishman never practises unless "he feels like it"—which. professionals tell us, is a very real factor in physical training. And he always adjusts his work so that he will be able to "get some fun out of it." No slavish sort of routine is followed in his case. The usual prelude to hard work on the track is an hour's fooling, and yet there is a good deal of method even in this alleged madness. As regards the jolly training walks indulged in by Englishmen, the average American athlete would as soon think of flying. All this means that Americans look upon their sport as a strict matter of business, and Englishmen as a pleasure. I cannot quite agree that victory is the sole aim and object of American sportsmen and the pleasure of competition that of Englishmen. The statement is highly colored both ways. On the whole, however, President Slocum's appeal for a greater love of sport for sport's sake in the States seems justified.

"Unconsciously, perhaps, a current American writer joins in the argument by upholding existing methods in his country. What is more, he insists that—in the face of our many international reverses of late—we shall soon have to meet the specialization of foreign competition by similar specialization and perhaps so. I trust the day will be far distant, however, as it would rob sport of half its joy, its independence, its relaxation. And the further questions would arise: Is it worth while? Must sport be taken more seriously? Happily, both problems are yet a great way off. And, personally, I do not feel in a despairing mind after our recent reverses. Such defeats have a perpetual tendency to correct themselves. The improvement in our foreign friends' skill is no proof whatever of our own decline. We must distinguish—as Mr. Gladstone used to say. We shall win at cricket, polo and the rest of it and win often. But even if we were never able to win again, the proof would be absent that we had declined in skill or energy. The only clear thing would be that foreigners had vastly improved. The fearful pleasure of writing "Ichabod" is generally indulged in too soon by pessimists, and the present case is no exception to the rule."

* * *

H. A. PARKER, the New Zealander, who is due for a visit to America in the fall, is playing well on the other side just now. At Norwich he won three open events and incidentally defeated E. R. Allen, one of the famous twins. This year at Wimbledon, Parker and his peculiar twist stroke were quite a curiosity. Several times he has been asked to explain all about the stroke, but declined, leaving the experts to figure it out their own way. One of the best attempts to describe the stroke is in the current issue of The Field, as follows:

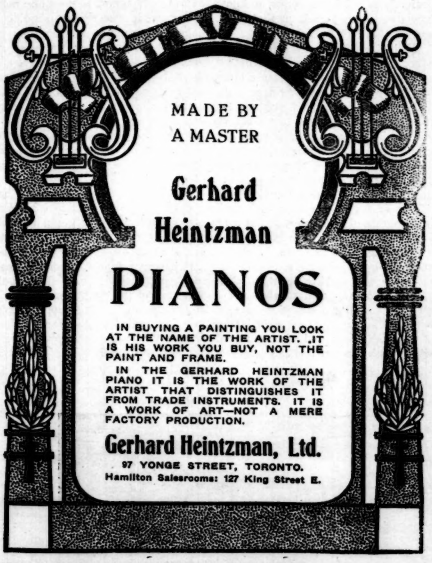
"Briefly, Mr. Parker applies to the smash the principles of the American service. He brings his racket up and across the ball with almost exactly the same action as an American server, the only difference being that the face of his racquet at the moment of impact is vertical instead of sloping backward. The swing of his racquet is from right to left, consequently the spin imparted to the ball is similar to that in the reverse—the more uncommon—service. At the moment of striking, the ball is slightly in front of the player and not far above the level of his head —not so high as for an ordinary smash. On leaving the racquet the ball travels for some distance higher than in the case of a straightforward stroke, then falls rapidly, coming off the ground quickly and with a good deal of spin.

"The advantage of this stroke came into play chiefly when smashing from the back of the court, since its high flight and sudden drop allow a wide margin for passing over the net. When attempting to kill a really deep lob in the ordinary way a very slight error in the angle of stroke drives the ball into the net or out of court. With Mr. Parker's stroke much more deviation is possible without failure, for even a poor length smash played with this action from the back of the court clears the net much more easily than a good length ordinary smash from the same point.

"Another advantage is that the spin imparted to the ball makes accurate lobbing in reply a matter of difficulty. On the other hand it may be doubted whether it is as effective as an ordinary smash for killing a 'sitter' outright, since its sudden drop and abrupt rise from the ground give the opponent more time to get to the ball. Also since the player strikes the ball when it is lower and more in front of him than in the ordinary way, it follows that his reach is not so great. This does not matter when dealing with high lobs, which allow the player plenty of time to get underneath them, but is of importance when the lob is a relatively low one and falls quickly.

"In spite of these limitations, however, the stroke is one which would add a very effective weapon to the armament of any player, and as so many players nowadays use the American service, and consequently have already mastered the necessary action, they should not find its cultivation over difficult, though it certainly requires a very supple wrist and accurate eye."

Crawford—So your wife doesn't make mince pies any more? Crabshaw—No. She uses all the odds and ends around the house as trimmings for her hat.—Puck.



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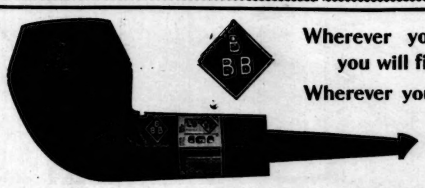

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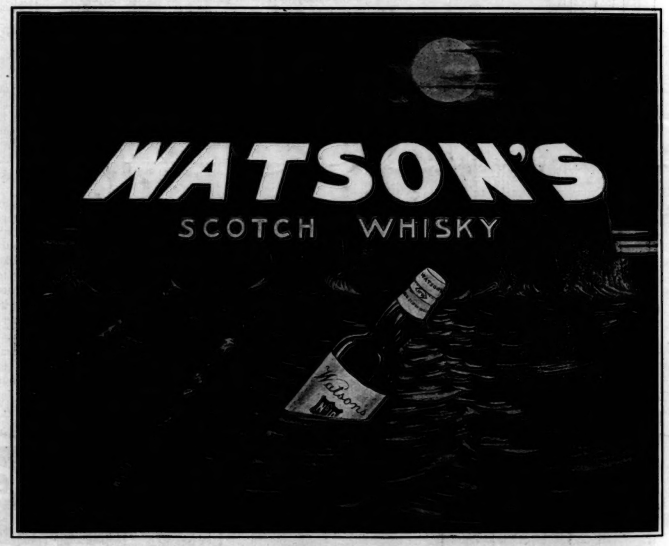

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